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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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180 KILLED IN A MINE DISASTER.

Between 180 and 190 Men are Entombed.

NONE CAN BE RESCUED.

Terrible Explosion in a Coal Mine at Chestwick, Pa., Monday.

COLD WEATHER DETERS RESCUERS.

Heroes Suffer While Trying to Assist Companions—Cause of Explosion Unknown.

An explosion occurred in the Hard-Scrabble mine of the Allegheny Coal Co., at Chestwick, Pa., at 8:20 Monday morning which caused the death of between 180 and 190 miners and did great damage to the mine. The first warning the people had of the terrible disaster was when both cages with three men were hurled through the tipple high into the air and fell to the ground, two of whom died soon after.

At the time of the explosion there were nearly 200 men working in the mine and as soon as the rumble and crash at the pit mouth startled the little village the wives and children of the men below rushed to the scene of the disaster but to gain no encouragement. There was no way to get into the deep workings. The cages that let the men into the mines and brought them out again when the day's work was done were both demolished. All day long there was a jam of women and children waiting about the mouth of the pit. There were calls for assistance and for surgical aid from the men in charge of the mine, but it was not until 4 o'clock that the first attempt at rescue was made. This was a failure as the two men who volunteered were driven back by the foul air.

There were plenty of heroes among the miners who were willing to risk their lives to help their entombed fellow-workmen and, after going down the dangerous shaft and wandering around through the foul air and deep water which filled the mine, some of these brave fellows found between 60 and 75 men alive but unconscious, and it was thought that most of them could be saved, but this proved to be a vain hope.

The shafts and cages were in such damaged condition that the rescue work was slow and when the men got down into the mine they were so benumbed by the cold water which was waist deep and the foul gas that they could do little or nothing toward rescuing their companions, so only two were brought out alive.

Many of those in the mine have not been found yet, but it is comparatively certain that all are dead. The work of removing the dead has hardly been started and it will be several days before all the bodies are recovered.

The cause of the catastrophe is unknown. Many theories have been advanced, but none have as yet been decided upon. However, it is the opinion of many experts that it was caused by an open lamp or some miner striking a match. The mine always contained a great deal of gas but the best of apparatus for removing the danger was used in the mine and therefore it was considered as safe as any mine.

No Explosion at County Home.

The report has been circulated that a boiler exploded in the County Home recently, doing considerable damage. Such, however, is not the case. This report probably started from the fact that a pipe which fed the boiler had become rusted and bursted, which allowed the water in the boiler to run out and the boiler was slightly damaged.

During the recent cold weather Superintendent Colegrove has been having a good deal of trouble trying to keep the County Home warm and furnishing food for the inmates. The gas main is either frozen or bursted and for a couple of days he was entirely without gas and now he only has enough for cooking purposes. Luckily he had some wood on hand for an emergency or the inmates would have suffered terribly.

Peck's Bad Boy.

New shows are experiments, and not always successes. Peck's Bad Boy has been tested and for years has been a great favorite with theatregoers and has been a big money-makor. He will be at the Lyceum on Tuesday evening, Feb. 2nd, and one of the most enjoyable nights of the season is assured. The specialties introduced are a great feature of the show, and as they are always neat and clean, ladies need have no fear of being offended. Fun without vulgarity is the motto of this company. See it and enjoy yourself.

An Old Resident Gone.

Casper Smith died at his home in Keating township, about three miles from this place, Monday morning, Jan. 25, 1904, in his 75th year. His death came from a complication of diseases, which have confined him to the house for some time.

The subject of this sketch was born in Germany in 1829 and in 1849 he came to this country and located in Pittsburg, where he was engaged at his trade as a tailor for seven years. In 1856 he moved with his family to this county, locating at Clermont, where he cleared up a farm on which he resided until 1874 when he removed to the farm near Farmers Valley, where he has resided up to the time of his death. He erected a grist mill there which was run by himself and others for many years. He was a Republican in politics and in 1867 was elected justice of the peace and in 1877 county commissioner, both of which he filled most creditably.

He was united in marriage to Miss Anna D., daughter of Conrad Bush of Pittsburg, in 1852 and to them were born six children, namely: Margaret, now Mrs. George Dwyer; John Smith of Kansas; Mary, now Mrs. C. C. Deckor; Regina, now Mrs. Eugene Day; August and Ella, now Mrs. Samuel W. Smith of Port Allegany, all of whom survive with their aged mother to mourn the loss of a kind and devoted husband and father.

Mr. Smith and family have always been devout members of the Lutheran church. He was a member of McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M. He was a man who was always honored and respected by his fellowmen and his death will be deeply regretted by a large circle of friends throughout the county.

The funeral services were held at his late home Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock under the auspices of the Masonic order, Rev. G. H. Patterson officiating and his remains were laid at rest in the cemetery on his farm.

Death of Michael Tobin.

Michael Tobin died at the home of Edwin Stanton, on Prospect Hill, on Tuesday morning, January 26, 1904, aged about 60 years. The cause of his death was heart disease and he had been sick for some time.

Mr. Tobin was a native of Ireland, but when a young man he came to this country and he and his wife settled on the farm where they always resided till taken away by death. They had no children and since the death of Mrs. Tobin, which occurred several years ago, Mr. Tobin has lived alone, until he was taken seriously ill and moved to the Stanton house where he died. The deceased has a brother somewhere in this country, but his residence is not known and this brother is his only known relative.

The funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic church at 10 o'clock this morning, Rev. Father Cosgrove officiating, and his remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Woodsman's Fatal Slide.

Last Thursday noon George Vanderhoof, a well-known Potter county woodsman, who was employed at Putnam's camp, about three miles from Cross Fork, got into the slide in a scoop shovel and started for the foot of the hill. A little later some logs were put in the slide and it is thought that one of them struck him, throwing him from the slide and fatally injuring him.

Some of his fellow workmen found him and he was carried to the camp and a physician summoned from Cross Fork. It was three hours before Dr. Burrows arrived and the unfortunate man was then dead. The remains were taken on Friday to Potter Brook where the young man's parents and several brothers reside.

Mr. Vanderhoof was about 30 years of age and was well-known in Coudersport, having boarded here for some time several years ago.—Potter Democrat.

P., S. & N. R. R. Clerical Orders.

Clerical orders for the year 1904 will be issued by the P., S. & N. R. R. as in former years to ordained clergymen having regular charges of churches located on or near the line of its road. Application blanks will be furnished by the ticket agents of the company and forwarded to the general passenger agent at St. Marys, Pa. as early as possible. No orders will be issued except on individual application of clergymen made on blanks furnished by the company and certified to by one of its agents.

C. J. RENWICK,
General Passenger Agent.

I have received from Hon. J. M. McElroy a large consignment of Agricultural Reports which contain many things of interest to farmers. Anyone interested in agriculture can have one of these reports free of cost by calling at my store. D. C. YOUNG.

No Trading Stamps accompanied reports.

Don't Worry.

Our stock of skates is still complete. We can fit you, all prices. Double runner skates for the little ones, 50c per pair. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the Miner.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Married at the residence of the bride's father, on Sunday evening, February 11, 1872, by the Rev. H. Peck of Smethport, Mr. George N. Barrett and Miss Elmerette Stark, daughter of Mr. Warren Stark, all of Keating township.

The Smethport and Alton Telegraph Line has passed into the hands of the Western Union Telegraph Company, this company having leased the line for a term of years.

A copartnership has been formed between John C. Backus and W. J. Milliken for the practice of law. We are glad to hear of this arrangement and believe it will be of mutual benefit to both parties. Mr. Milliken is a young man of fine abilities and will adorn the profession which he has chosen and for which he is so admirably fitted. Success to the new firm.

Died, at her home in Port Allegany, March 27, 1872, of congestion of the brain, after an illness of four days, Alice, oldest daughter of V. R. and P. Vanderhoke, aged 15 years, 3 months and 28 days.

In a communication to the Miner under date of April 8, 1872, W. J. Colegrove states that he had sold since Oct. 5, 1806, thirty-seven thousand two hundred and twelve acres of the Ridgway lands.

The Philadelphia Dispatch says that the largest white pine log this side of the Pacific has just been received from McKean county by Messrs. Hulbert, Russell & Co. of that city. It is six feet in diameter, sixty-six feet long, contains 5,000 feet of lumber and weighs 12,000 pounds.

We are pleased to see that the demand of public opinion is satisfied in the acceptance by that genial—Knight of the Reins, Doc Hiner, of his old position as driver of the Alton stage. The numerous patrons of the road will join with us in the wish that the Doc. may live a thousand years and always drive the Alton stage.

The average life of farmers is 65 years, while that of printers is but 33, which shows the necessity of prompt payments to the latter so that they may have the pleasure of handling their own money during their short sojourn on this sublunary sphere.

The pigeons flew quite plentifully last week, but have given this place the "go by" the past few days. Quite a number of pigeon catchers were here for some time with the idea that this section would be the nesting ground, but finding that the birds flew eastward their pursuers passed on in the same direction.

Jonathan Colegrove died at the residence of his son-in-law, P. Gallup, in Keating township, this county, April 11, 1872, of pneumonia, aged 89 years, 8 months and 17 days. The subject of this memoir was born in Plainfield, Ct., on the 25th day of July, 1782. He was a student at Plainfield academy and completed a fair English education. Afterward he spent some years teaching at various places, one of which was as an assistant teacher in Catskill academy where he embraced the Christian religion in about the year 1809. He united with the Protestant Episcopal church, to which he adhered to the time of his death, always declaring his faith in the saving power of the Redeemer and his firm hope of life beyond the tomb. He was married to Elizabeth Gallup of Sterling, Ct., in 1807, with whom he lived about 52 years. He came to this county as a pioneer in 1815, when there were no roads worthy the name. The water being high he came from Portville to Smethport in a canoe, accompanied with his wife and two children. Much of the provision used by him and those who settled at the same place and time (now Norwich) was brought from Jersey Shore on horseback and he made sundry trips to Philadelphia on horseback. He served the people in various offices of trust, such as auditor, commissioner, treasurer and representative. While serving in the last named capacity he obtained an appropriation from the State for the Milesburg and Smethport turnpike road and, we believe, for the academy at Smethport. He was employed as superintendent of the location, construction and after management of said road for a number of years. He was also employed by the Messrs. Ridgway as agent of their lands from 1817 to 1832. In all of his life work he united to a strong and enduring constitution an indomitable will both in promptness and dispatch. With him to resolve was to perform. Ever courteous to all, he never betrayed nor deserted a friend. His house was ever the home of the weary itinerant who found it in his way to stop with him; and being no bigot he treated those of other denominations with courtesy and many have found under his hospitable roof shelter and comfort and on departing often received that which gladdens the heart of even a gospel minister. His iron constitution and activity endured to the end of life. Up to the time of his last sickness he would walk several miles in a day. No man enjoyed more fully the confidence and esteem of his fellows than "Uncle Jonathan." Peace to his ashes.

A Social Success.

Brown Hive, No. 48, L. O. T. M., held an open meeting in their lodge rooms in the I. O. O. F. hall Tuesday afternoon, January 26, the occasion being the installing of officers for the ensuing term. The ceremonies of installation were ably conducted by the Past Great Commander Mrs. Harriet M. Ellsworth of Corry. The work of the guards during these impressive ceremonies was executed in a most efficient manner, and was followed by the "Maccabee drill," which must be seen to be appreciated. The Past Great Commander then made a brief address, telling some of the merits and many good points of the order of the Ladies of the Maccabees in a very interesting and pleasant manner. Then followed a pleasing program, by the members of the order, consisting of piano and vocal solos, duets, recitations, etc., which were greatly enjoyed by the large number of guests present. Then all repaired to the dining room and did ample justice to the elegant refreshments prepared and served by the members of this prosperous order. Farewells were spoken and all left for their homes, voting the lady Maccabees royal entertainers.

An Excellent Production.

The large audience that filled the Lyceum last night to see "The Village Parson" was not in the least disappointed. They went with the expectation of seeing a good play and went away knowing that they had seen one. Every character in the cast was well taken and Harold Vosburg as Rud Gordon and Miss Grace Wilmotte as Gretchen, who were favorites with the Smethport people when this company was here last year, received their full share of applause.

Rev. Tom Godley, the leading man, and Fern, his wife the leading woman, Felix Gordon and Andy Thom were taken by different people from last season. The leading man and Andy Thom are much improved by the change and as to the character of Fern opinion is about evenly divided, while it is pretty generally conceded that Felix Gordon's character was slightly weakened.

The Glass Situation.

The window glass situation throughout this section still remains in an unsettled condition. A meeting will be held in Mt. Jewett this afternoon and evening, which may do something toward adjusting matters in a more satisfactory manner. This meeting will be attended by delegates from nearly every factory in the Mountain District as well as by the leading officers of the labor organization.

The managers and proprietors of many of the factories have asked for a reduction in wages from the Philadelphia scale and this meeting is to decide on what action the men will take in regard to this matter. It is the earnest hope of everyone in this section that matters may be settled and the factories continue to run.

Peck's Bad Boy.

A brand new play with a very old name, at the Lyceum on Tuesday evening, February 2nd. Few people but what have seen or heard of that famous old play, "Peck's Bad Boy," but those who witness the performance of the above play would hardly recognize the piece as played in former seasons. The piece has been entirely re-written and brought up-to-date, while all the old characters have been retained many new ones have been added. The old dialogue has been cancelled and new has been added. New songs, new jokes, new medleys, great dancers, acrobats and comedians.

Republican Primaries.

The Republican primaries for this borough were held in the basement of the court house last Saturday evening. There was little or no contest for any of the offices, but over ninety votes were polled. The following excellent ticket was nominated:

Councilmen—James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.

School Directors—W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove.

Assessor—Harry R. Henderson.

Auditor—A. H. Kidder.

Judge of Election—Geo. H. Hyde.

Inspector of Election—J. A. Swanson.

I will be at Grand Central Hotel Monday evening, Feb. 1st, and remain until Wednesday evening, Feb. 3rd, with a complete line of spring goods for ladies' waists and gentlemen's shirts. All the latest novelties of the season. Please call and look the line over or telephone me and I will call on you.

ANN J. MARTIN

While They Last

you should take advantage of our sacrifice sale of robes and horse blankets. All kinds and prices of sleigh bells.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Lemmler's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

Get your oysters and clams at Harrington's Restaurant. They are best.

OUR FLOOD AND OTHERS.

High Water Does Much Damage Along Allegheny River.

CROSBY MAN REPORTED DROWNED.

Little Damage Done Here—The Ohio High—Freeze Saves Much Property and Perhaps Many Lives.

The usual January thaw has come and gone. Owing to the large amount of snow all over the country and the ice in the creeks and rivers the flood which resulted was equal to or greater than most spring floods throughout this section of the country.

The water was the highest on the low lands of Smethport and vicinity on Friday and Saturday. Friday afternoon the water commenced rising fast and early that evening it looked as though the business places of Holmes & Gilfillan and D. M. Brasted would be inundated. The water came up rapidly to within three or four inches of coming into their stores and then, luckily, commenced to go down. The Mechanic street foot bridge was under water and its destruction was threatened. That street and East street were impassable and ferries were used to transport passengers. The water came into the swingholes of the Canoe glass factory so that it was difficult to keep at work.

The Holmes Flint bottle factory was forced to shut down Friday night and on Monday the water had not subsided enough to allow bottle making. However, operations were resumed Tuesday. Outside of the shutting down of this factory the damage to property was not very large.

Saturday a number of woodsmen came down from Crosby to view the high water and incidentally to consume a few high balls. Along toward evening several of them were in proper condition for most any emergency and a couple who were pretty noisy were taken in charge by Officer McCarty. While going down to the city building one of them landed on the officer and when he loosened his hold on the other to protect himself the quiet one made a run for it. A round up and count was made at the Pennsylvania depot and one was found missing. Another had heard a man staggering along the road across the flats and a splash in the creek so it was concluded that the missing one had been drowned while taking the "water cure." A searching party was organized and their efforts were rewarded by finding their comrade and his four quarts of liquid fire safely domiciled, the guest of the borough.

The flood in Bradford was one of the highest ever known in that city. Most of the business places on Main street were flooded with from two feet to two inches of Tuna fluid. Many factories were compelled to shut down. The streets were like rivers and many persons received impromptu duckings much to the amusement of onlookers.

Cities and towns all along the Allegheny river were flooded and in many places much damage was done. Pittsburg and Allegheny were badly flooded and over 15,000 people were temporarily thrown out of employment, and as many more had their homes flooded. The flood, however, was not as bad as expected in these cities.

The Ohio river was extremely high. In Wheeling, W. Va., 5,000 people were driven from their homes and the damage to industrial plants and the jobbing interests was very large. The Monongahela and Susquehanna rivers also caused much damage.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 23, 1904:

Antonio Grigorio, Fred Ackman, Gust Cobler, H. L. Downs, Miss Madge Hill, R. M. Laffan, Tom Nolan, Wm. Patterson, Wm. Rigby, Edgar B. Smith. Foreign—Antonio Raffello, Bianco Domenico.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Democrats Nominate.

At the primaries held at the court house Tuesday night the Democrats placed the following ticket in nomination:

Council—W. G. Holder, D. L. Forsythe.

School Directors—W. E. McGinnman, Carl Sasse.

Assessor—F. H. Freeman.

Auditor—Scott F. Redfield.

Judge of Election—J. A. Holder.

Inspector of Election—H. H. Sasse.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization is now ready to give bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, manager, Smethport, Pa.

Standing Pat on a Royal Flush.

Mr. Williams, the new Democratic leader from Mississippi, made no headway in his speech against the Republican party. He attempted to attack the "stand pat" policy and asked on what the Republicans stood. The answer, as reported, was "for a flush," and the reply was: "Then it must be a bob-tail." We think there is here either a case of wrong reporting or a misunderstanding of the fundamental principles of the national game of poker. We have had recourse to a hand-book on the subject and find that it must have been said by the Republicans that they "stood pat on a flush," as one cannot stand pat and draw a card, as would have been the case had it been a "bob-tail," as Mr. Williams expressed it.

After careful consideration of the authorities, we are disposed to stand by the contention that the Republican party stands pat on a flush—a royal flush, which seems to be the highest hand that can be held in a game of poker and consists of the ace, king, queen, jack and ten of any one suit. We understand the Republican party holds such a hand and that it is invincible. If it is necessary to translate the language of cards into the terms of politics, we should find that the result was about as follows, though all cards seem to be of equal value:

ACE—The gold standard, every dollar in the country of equal value and that the highest.

KING—Protection to American industries and American labor. The highest wages for those who make their home here and are developing the manhood and wealth of the country.

QUEEN—Equal rights and equal suffrage to all. Every advantage of opportunity and education open to the humblest. A government of the people, for the people and by the people.

JACK—Prosperity for all, the producer and the wage [illegible] and fifteen cents [illegible] equally interesting it.

TEN—The American flag not only for the few in this country, but its protection for all throughout the world who come under its banner and who seek to trade under its aegis.

There are many other cards, so many that it would exhaust a deck of one hundred to give them in detail. As a matter of fact there is no "bob-tail" in the Republican hand. It is the highest attainable, not only in the gambling game, but in that greater, nobler and more enduring game of doing the greatest good to the greatest number.

We do not need any black art to know the hand held by the Democracy. It is about nine high and isn't worth risking one good American cent. Of course, we stand pat, because we have a hand that cannot be beaten.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

P., S. & N. Passenger Service.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad announces the opening for passenger service that portion of its line between Bolivar and Angelica. This event which has been a desideratum with the patrons of the popular Shawmut for some time past took place on Sunday, December 27th. On this date through train service was established between St. Marys, Pa., and points north to Wayland, N. Y., and Hornellsville, N. Y., making close connections with the D., L. & W. R. R. and the Erie R. R. at the latter points.

Your attention is invited to the train schedule in another column.

C. J. RENWICK,
General Passenger Agent.

"Do It To-Day."

The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it to-day—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure, as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At H. C. Wells.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given, that the partnership between J. W. Voorhees and John R. McCarty was dissolved on the twelfth day of January A. D. 1904, so far as relates to the said J. W. Voorhees. All debts due to the said partnership are to be paid to, and those due from the same discharged by the said John R. McCarty, at East Smethport, Pa., where the business will be continued by the said John R. McCarty.

JOHN R. MCCARTY,
JOHN W. VOORHEES.

Smethport, Pa., January 12th, 1904.

For first-class oysters and clams in bulk or served in any style, call at Harrington's Restaurant. They are always fresh and the prices are reasonable.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

THE PERPLEXING INITIAL

By CHARLES SLOAN REID

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

The roar of the river as its waters tumbled over the rocks drowned the sound of footsteps, drowned even the sigh of the breeze among the tree tops. A dense shadow lay over the gorge, for the sun was behind a cloud.

The fish in the stream had not been biting to suit a young fisher woman, and she had thrust her pole into the bank and gone aside to carve something in the bark of an old beech. Laboriously she worked away and at length had completed a single large A.

A man approached along the river trail and stood directly behind the girl, watching her work. A smile passed over his face when he saw the letter the girl had carved, and he frowned. Then he coughed, and the girl was startled. She turned quickly around.

"You, Amos?" she exclaimed.

"Me, Marth," was the answer.

"Why didn't ye whistle or somethin' 'fore ye got so close?"

"Wanted to see what ye're doin'."

Marth's face reddened slightly.

"Well?"

"Well, I see ye've got that schoolteacher in yer mind."

"Taint so. Now, I wonder what put that in yer head?"

"I see ye're fixin' to carve his name."

Marth looked up at the letter in the bark, then looked at Amos in silence.

"Don't reckon ye can hardly deny it," continued Amos jealously, "for I don't reckon ye could say that letter stood for anybody else around these parts but Aldrich, so I put it up ye're a-thinkin' a right smart about that same schoolteacher."

"Amos Underwood, ye haven't got a grain o' sense. Ye ought see two inches afore yer nose." Marth's eyes were flashing.

"I see ye've fixed so, Marth. But I think I'd a-thunk ye might have spared me this kind o' a show, or me a-thinkin' ye the way I do. Ye might have waited till I was—"

SPRINGING THROUGH THE OPENING, SHE CALLED HIS NAME.

ed till I was. Oh, something had happened to me. Then I'd allers thought ye loved me."

Marth glanced again at the letter in the bark, then looked at Amos, and looked disgusted.

"I reckon, said I was a-thinkin' one mite about the schoolteacher, have I?"

"Not with yer mouth, but ye've said it up there with yer pocket knife," Amos pointed at the big letter in the bark.

Marth turned a steady gaze, full of fire, upon the man's face for a moment, then her two words fly.

"Amos Underwood," she snapped, "ye're the biggest gump I ever saw. I hate ye. I despise ye. Now, ye go. And I do hope the revenues will get ye this very night."

"Marth, I'"— Amos had taken off his hat.

"No ye don't!" Marth stamped her foot. "Ye've said enough. Go!"

She pointed up the trail, and Amos moved slowly away.

Marth had wound up her fish line by the time Amos had gone from view, and she turned toward the old beech again.

"The crazy," she murmured. "He couldn't remember his own name started with A. Well, he's gone, and I'm glad of it. I do hate a man that can't see with his eyes open."

The girl followed the trail to the top of the ridge, then turned off to the left and went toward a cabin on the side of the mountain.

As the afternoon dragged along Marth went over and over in her mind the scene on the river bank, and at each rehearsal she softened a little toward Amos. Until at last each return of the wish she had uttered deepened her regret, for in a superstitious way she feared that her wish might bring the officers into that part of the country, and Amos would indeed be in danger.

But Marth kept herself busy all the while, trying to drive out of her mind the scene and her words under the branches of the old beech.

At dusk she milked the cows, then went to the spring for a pail of water. As she stood and began slowly to dip the water from the rocky basin with a long handled gourd, her quick ear caught the sound of hoof beats against the stones, and she turned her head and peered through the woods to the right of her. Just across a shallow ravine a trail led around the side of the mountain, and on this trail Marth's eyes could now see three shadowy horses and riders, and there was a gleam of polished metal which told the girl that each rider had a gun strapped to his back.

For a moment Marth's heart stood still. She knew she was gazing upon the dreaded revenue officers, and her thoughts flew to Amos, more than three miles away down the ravine, where he would soon be at work in the distillery.

The girl sat motionless until the riders had passed a bowlder which protruded from the hillside. Then she seized her pail and ran up the trail to the cabin. There was but one thought in her head. Amos must be warned and saved at any cost. Saddling a small mule which she led from the stable, she leaped upon his back, dragged a shotgun up after her and rested it upon the animal's neck. Then she set off along a trail which diverged from that taken by the officers.

The mule was soon urged into a trot, and this pace he was forced to keep up down the rugged, water worn trail through the darkness of the deep woods. Marth sat like a statue on the animal's back, with her ears strained to catch the least sound and her eyes wide open for any sign of the officers. The murkiness of the woods seemed to hold no terrors for her. She was thinking of the unrighteous wish she had uttered to Amos.

At last she reached a high rock overlooking a bluff, and she stopped and listened intently. Then, slipping down from the saddle, she crept into a laurel thicket on one side of the rock and after a few minutes came out in the glare of a furnace fire. She was at the doorway of Amos Underwood's stillhouse. Springing through the opening, she called his name. Amos turned quickly, and his hand grasped the butt of a revolver, but when he saw Marth he allowed his chin to drop to his breast, and his hand fell limply to his side.

"Have ye brought 'em, Marth?" he asked.

"No, Amos, but they're comin', an' I've come all the way here to warn ye so's ye could save yerself. I'm sorry for what I said, though I didn't reckon I'd ever own it."

"Marth, I—I reckon, then, ye do love me some, though ye did start to carve"—

"Amos, Jest plain Amos, an that true, I reckon A stands for Amos don't it, crazy?"

"Marth, I've been a mule fool. But I'm powerful happy right now."

He extended his arms toward Marth, but the girl backed away.

"No time for that, Amos. Don't ye hear them hoof beats?"

The moonshiner caught the girl's hand, and together they sprang into the laurel. Five minutes later they stood on the rock above the stillhouse and listened to the work of destruction that was being carried on by the raiders' axes.

"Well, ye're safe enough now, Amos," whispered Marth, and Amos, circling her in his arms, kissed her hair with his chin.

The Beverage of Paraguay.

Mate, the national beverage of Paraguay, is brewed from the dried leaves of the ilex and does not intoxicate. Mate can be drunk hot or cold, it can be taken with cream and sugar, like tea or coffee, and it can be used "straight," which seems by far the best way of drinking it. Plain mate is quite bitter and, like beer, it is an acquired taste. The first sip gives a distinctly bitter taste, and the drinker sets down his glass with a wry face. Presently, as soon as the bitter effect wears off, the imbiber has a pleasant recollection of the sensation. By this time the powerful stimulating property of the drink has begun to work and the drinker feels like taking another sip. Mate makes the user of it "feel good," makes him look with a brighter eye on the dark side of life, makes him forget his troubles for the moment, and, best of all, unlike beer, it makes him feel like working or doing something with his brain or his hands instead of loafing or gossiping.

Chemists who have carefully analyzed mate say that it is perfectly harmless. It has only the smallest percentage of caffeine and volatile oils, and it never leaves a bad after effect. Even when the drinker has a disordered stomach or bad nerves the consumption of mate is not followed by unpleasant feelings.

Geographical Tests.

"What town is this?" asked the eminent statesman, who was making a political tour of the provinces.

"Ionia," they told him.

The eminent statesman stepped out to the rear platform of the gorgeous private car in which he was traveling.

"My countrymen," he said impressively to the cheering throng at the station, "your beautiful and thriving young city has a rare distinction. Independently of its commerce and manufactures, independently of its charming location, independently, I may add, of the stalwart men and fair women who inhabit it, so many of whom I see before me, not forgetting those bright and winsome young children, who are also here, the hope and mainstay of the republic—independently, I say, of all these, your lovely city"—

Here he became truly eloquent. His eyes flashed, his voice rang out in clarion tones, and he shook his clinched fist at the zenith.

"—has the rare distinction of bearing a name that has only five letters and yet has four syllables!"

The applause as the train moved away was simply deafening.—Chicago Tribune.

A Cat Story.

A cat owned by the manager of an English restaurant noticed a mouse which had contrived to find its way into a cupboard among a lot of wineglasses. Evidently the cat saw that to capture the mouse in that retreat would be a somewhat difficult task, so, jumping on the top of the cupboard, from a plate there he gently precipitated a piece of cheese on the floor and waited. For over an hour the cat's eyes were glued on the decoying morsel, and not in vain. At last the mouse could resist the temptation no longer and made a rush for the cheese, when the problem which the cat had seemingly propounded to himself found a solution, and the mouse was caught.

You can conquer your cares more quickly if you do not continually carry a long face.

A HISTORICAL DUEL.

THIRTEEN SWORDSMEN SLAIN BY ONE MAN BEFORE AN ARMY.

A Scene More Exciting Than Any Battle in the Annals of Modern History—Ten Thousand Witnesses to the Terrible Work of One Sword.

To give an idea of what a brave man can do if he knows fencing thoroughly and but keeps cool and collected in danger we will relate a historical duel. So extraordinary is this combat that it would be held a romance had it not been witnessed by a whole army. The hero is Jean Louis, one of the great masters of the beginning of last century, and the duel happened in Madrid in 1813. He was the master-at-arms of the Thirty-second regiment of French infantry. The First regiment, composed entirely of Italians, formed part of the same brigade.

Regimental esprit de corps and rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels, when swords were often whipped out or bullets exchanged. After a small battle had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over 200 French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments, in a council of war assembled, decided to give such breaches of order a great blow and to re-establish discipline. They decreed that the masters-at-arms of the two regiments should take up the quarrel and fight it out.

Imagine a whole army in battle array on one of the large plains that surround Madrid. In the center a large ring is left open for the contestants. This spot is raised above the plain so that not one of the spectators of this tragic scene—gayly dressed officers, soldiers in line, Spaniards, excited as never a bull fight excited them—will miss one phase of the contest. It is before us, and soon that the honor of an army is about to be avenged in the blood of thirty brave men.

The drum is heard. Two men, naked to the waist, step in the ring. The first is tall and strong. His figure is symmetrically modeled, and his face is handsome. He is Frenchman.

The second is short and thick set and with round head and face. He is modestly unclothed, the waist excepted, and his name is Jean Louis. The second takes his place on the inside of the ring and, Italian like, throws a kiss.

"Are you ready?"

The two fencers cross swords. Giacomo Fenouli and Jean Louis gravely salute Jean Louis, bowing. His opponent is not to parry. The master of arms is to ride his chance and caresses and teases his opponent. Unlike Jean Louis, calm and watchful, leads himself to the play, when quicker than lightning the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis, a Florentine trick, often successful. But with extraordinary rapidity Jean Louis has parried and ripostes quickly in the shoulder.

"It is nothing," cries Giacomo; "a mere scratch." And they again fall on guard. Almost directly he is hit in the breast. This time the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply. Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword drops from his hand, and he falls heavily on the turf. He is dead.

Jean Louis is already in position. He wipes his reeking blade; then, with the point of his sword on the ground, he calmly awaits the next man.

The best fencer of the First regiment has just been carried away a corpse, but the day is not yet over. Fourteen adversaries are there, impatient to measure swords with the conqueror, burning to avenge the master they had deemed invincible.

Jean Louis hardly had two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary stands before him. A sinister click of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a riposte and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body is before Jean Louis.

A third adversary advances. They want Jean Louis to rest. "I am not tired," he answers, with a smile.

The signal is given. The Italian is as tall as the one who lies there a corpse covered by a military cloak. He has closely watched Jean Louis' play and thinks he has guessed the secret of his victories. He multiplies his feints and tricks; then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower line. But Jean Louis' sword has parried and is now deep within his opponent's breast.

What need we to relate any more? Ten new adversaries followed him, and the ten fell before Jean Louis amid the excited yells and roars of an army.

At the request of the Thirty-second regiment's colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis after much pressing consented to stop the combat, and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by 10,000 men.

From that day fights ceased between French and Italian soldiers.

This wonderful and gigantic combat might be held a fable were not all the facts above stated still found in the archives of the ministry of war.—Lippincott's.

At the Reception.

"I'm anxious to get the names of all present," said the reporter. "Will you oblige me?"

"Oh," said the meek man, "you may put down 'Mrs. Henry Peck and husband.'"

"You mean 'Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peck,' don't you?"

"I would prefer that," he replied, with a furtive glance over his shoulder, "but for goodness' sake don't say I gave it to you that way."

The Persian Way.

They have curious methods in Persia of insuring law and order. A failure of the crops had resulted in a dear loaf, which much enraged the populace. In order to quell the tumult the shah ordered a number of bakers to receive several hundred strokes with a rod, besides a few minor little attentions, such as the amputation of an ear or two.

DUELING IN AMERICA.

The First Fatal Meeting Was Upon Historic Boston Common.

The first fatal duel fought in what is now the United States was upon Boston Common, between Benjamin Woodbridge and Henry Phillips, on the evening of July 3, 1728. These young men had quarreled over cards at the Royal Exchange tavern in King street, now State street, and under the influence of drink had agreed to settle their differences with swords in the public grounds above named. They met at a little after 8 o'clock in the evening, and Woodbridge was mortally wounded and was found dead the following morning.

Both were gentlemen of good social position. Phillips was a brother of Gillam Phillips, who married Marie, the sister of Peter Faneuil, the builder of Boston's famous hall. Woodbridge had not completed his twentieth year. He was a young merchant who had recently been admitted to business as a partner with Jonathan Sewall, one of the most active merchants of the place. Henry Phillips, a young graduate of the college of Cambridge, was about four years older than Woodbridge, having at the time of this melancholy affair completed his twenty-third year. Woodbridge was the son of a gentleman of some distinction in Barbados, one of the magistrates there, who had formerly been settled in the ministry as pastor in Groton, Conn.

The place of meeting was on the training grounds of the Common, not far from the great elm, near where in the olden time a powder house stood. Small swords were used. No one but themselves participated. Woodbridge fell mortally wounded and died on the spot before the next morning. Phillips was slightly wounded and at midnight, by the aid of his brother Gillam and Peter Faneuil, of famous memory, made his escape to the Sheerness, a British man-of-war then lying in the harbor, and before the sun of the next morning had fully discovered to interested friends the miserable result of the unfortunate meeting he was on his way to France, where he died in less than a year of grief and a broken heart.—United Service Review.

A SHORT ANSWER.

The Reply That Bismarck Made to an Admiralty Speech.

I like to think of old Bismarck as he sat by the window that opens out the windy park of Friedrichsruh in an old gray shooting jacket, a pipe in his hand, a newspaper in his hand, simple as a north German farmer, this blade who had ghost Gild Europe in fee.

A little while before this February day he had been deposed from power. All the world knew that the old lion was sulking in his den in no amiable mood toward the young emperor who had pushed him out of doors. It was known that his memoirs were written and that his correspondence was set in order. A New York publisher thought he might secure the papers in which Bismarck had told the real story of the birth of the German empire—that strange story of graft and heroism, illtimedness and grandeur. It was on this mission that I sailed for Hamburg. I had two letters for Bismarck. One was from a negligible ambassador. The other had been given me by a German statesman of some note with whom in other days I had been a student in the University of Jena. My friend had been a familiar of Bismarck's household and bespoke me a kindly hearing. I sent the letters on from Hamburg and followed the next day.

On the table at his elbow as he sat by the window I noticed my letters. The valet who had placed a chair for me took his stand by the door. I said what I had to say. It was permitted me to address to an admirable speech. For ten days and nights I had rehearsed it as I paced the deck of the stormy liner, so to liberate German I disciplined it. It was dignified; it was diplomatic.

When I had finished Bismarck took the pipe from his lips, said "Nein" and put the pipe back again.

'Twas the shortest answer I ever had in my life. I waited for a moment. The old man smoked and stared out into the park. I got up and bowed. I had rehearsed that bow and did not intend to waste it. I bowed to his old hairless head, the flabby yellow jowls and big mustache, to the old gray jacket and the pipe. It was like salaaming to a stone wall. Then the valet led me out. In the park I regained my senses.—Vance Thompson in Success.

Mark Twain Missed the Boat.

The success achieved by Mark Twain during his boating days on the Mississippi river was due not only to the fact that he was a skillful pilot, but that he was an earnest one as well. A man who knew Mr. Clemens in those days told how the genial humorist once missed his boat. Instead of inventing an excuse, as many of his companions did, he reported to his superior officer as follows:

"My boat left at 6:10. I arrived at the landing at 6:20 and could not catch it."

As It Is Said.

Hoax—Did you know that tall fellow over there?

Joax—Oh, yes; we are very thick.

Hoax—And do you know the big fat one?

Joax—Slightly.—Philadelphia Record.

The Retort Sarcastic.

Spartacus—What would you advise as the most effective disguise that I might assume for the masked ball tonight?

Smarticus—You might put on an intelligent look.—Baltimore American.

Considerate.

Housekeeper—Half the things you wash are torn to pieces.

Washerwoman—Yes, mum, but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I only charge for them as one piece, mum.

No doubt we ought to love our work, but sometimes it seems about in the same category with loving our enemies.—Buck.

TAMING A HORSE.

Three Articles That Will Subdue the Most Savage Animal.

There were trouble and excitement one day on a ranch in Colorado. A high spirited, half broken stallion was prancing about the yard attached to the rancher's house. He had just thrown a cowboy who boasted there was nothing on four legs he could not ride, and he was rearing and bucking so that not even the pluckiest man on the ranch dared to approach.

While the men were standing around wondering what to do the rancher's sixteen-year-old daughter came out of the house and calmly walked up to the excited animal.

When he saw her he ceased rearing, whinnied and stood still. She just put her hand on his mane, stroked his nose and then vaulted lightly on his back and rode around the yard to the amazement of the men.

"How do you manage it?" one of them asked her. "Before you tackled him he was as savage as a tiger."

"It is simple enough," the girl replied. "Any woman can handle a horse better than a man can. See this"—showing the man a small round object she had in her hand—"this is horse castor. Horses love the smell of it and will go up to any one who has it.

"Any horse has sense enough to know the people who love it. That stallion began to quiet down as soon as he saw me. When I got near him he smelled the musty horse castor in my clothes, for I always carry a little piece in my pocket.

"That pleased him so much that I was able to stroke his head. While doing so I rubbed his nose with a few drops of oil of cumin, which I had poured into the palm of my hand. Horses positively love that scent. Then, did you notice that I put my hand into his mouth? The object of that was to pour a few drops of oil of rhodium on to his tongue from a tiny vial which I always carry.

"With these three articles any horse can be tamed. Where do you get them? Well, the cumin and rhodium can be bought at any drug store, the horse castor must be sent away from Arabia's sandy waste, for it is a warty coyote there.

"It is a fact that horses are very fond of these scents. They are often used by women in the tropics and west in the training and breaking of horses."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

BRAHMAN PROVERBS.

He that commands the evil hath nothing to fear.

Mix kindness with reproof and reason with authority.

Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety.

The first step toward being wise is to know that thou art ignorant.

Envy not the appearance of happiness in any man, for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of anger, it is whetting a sword to wound thine own breast.

Consider and forget not thine own weakness, so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

The height of the envious man is guilt and bitterness. The success of his neighbor breaketh his rest.

This instant is thine. The next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

As a veil addeth to beauty, so are a man's virtues set off by the shade which his modesty casteth upon him.

As the ostrich when pursued hideth his head, but forgetteth his body, so the fears of a coward expose him to danger.

Training a Beagle.

With regard to the training of a beagle he has to be treated on quite a different plan from the setter and pointer. In their cases a great deal of work of training is to conquer natural propensities, whereas with the beagle you encourage him to go on and do all he can in seeking and chasing when found. Young dogs are usually put down with an older one, and a very few lessons suffice. It comes as natural to a beagle to run scent as for a terrier to kill rats, and if there is no apparent inclination one lesson usually provokes it. The less one interferes with a beagle running a line the better for the dog, so long as he is not pottering in one well tested place, but casting all about when he has lost the trail.—Field and Stream.

The Charge Sustained.

The householder was duly sworn.

"You charge this man with being insane," said the court. "On what do you base the charge?"

"Well, your honor," said the witness, vainly trying to choke down his emotion, "this man is a plumber. My pipes were out of fix. I sent for him. He fixed 'em in fifteen minutes. When I asked for his bill he said that was all right, because it didn't take him long, and he had another job in my neighborhood anyhow."

"A hopeless case!" exclaimed his honor as he signed the commitment.—Baltimore News.

The Catastrophe.

"Did you hear about the catastrophe down at the Browns' last night?"

"No. What happened?"

"Why, Mrs. Brown gave the baby a bottle to play with, and while she was in the kitchen it fell out of the cradle and broke its neck."

"What, the baby?"

"No; the bottle."

A Fearful Dream.

Bobbs—Old Fitzvadd is about dead from insomnia. Says he is afraid to go to sleep.

Dobbs—Does he fear burglars?

Bobbs—No; but the last time he slept he dreamed of giving away his money.

Cutting.

Clara—Oh, hum! I wish the Lord had made me a man!

Mother—Perhaps he has, dear; only she never [illegible] yet.—New York Times.

Prejudice squints when it looks and lies when it talks.—Abrantes.

L. K. HOGARTH

has the sole agency for

Hawke's Cut Glass,

the ware that took the Grand Prize at the Paris Exposition.

Fine Stationery
Chamois Skins
Perfumes
Toilet Articles
Rubber Goods
Trusses
Pure Drugs
Medicines

Ladies' need our patent dryer after shampooing the hair.

Union and Bell 'Phones.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Fall and Winter Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.
SMETHPORT, PA.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find,

Just What You Want.

Also line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Elwood Gaskin's
NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.

We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

Bell 'Phone.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right;

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

We seldom fear a danger that we cannot see. The danger of being run-down by a horse is a very real one to everybody, the danger of being murdered by a microbe does not trouble us. And yet the minute microbe is more dangerous than the wildest horse.

The only people who can afford not to fear the microbes of disease are those who keep their blood pure and rich. These are practically immune from the attacks of most microbes.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies and enriches the blood, and gives the body a vigorous vitality. It cures scrofula, eczema, boils, pimples and other eruptive diseases which are caused by impure blood.

"I had been troubled for about four years with eczema, or a skin disease, which at times was almost unbearable as it would itch so," writes Mr. John Lucion, of 119 Pavilion St., Dallas, Texas. "I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and after using five bottles found that I was entirely cured. Please accept many thanks."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the blood.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and its consequences.

Get the Habit

of looking at our window display of Rich Cut Glass, every piece of which is for sale at cost until next Thursday. We have the privilege of sending unsold pieces back to factory and have decided to give our customers the benefit of this arrangement for one week.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 28, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—A clean-up sale of overcoats is advertised by Wm. Monheimer this week.

—The bargains offered by J. Colegrove are interesting. Read the advertisement.

—"Ike" Simons, of Bradford's Big Double Clothing House, has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Mrs. Bechtel was found "not guilty" on the charge of being an accessory after the fact in the murder of her daughter.

—Fortunate Coudersport. The gas rate for consumers is soon to be reduced from 12½ cents to 6 cents per thousand feet.

—Miss Anna Hall was brutally murdered by her brother, Isaac Hall, at Van Buren, N. Y., on Sunday. It is thought Hall is insane.

—Any philanthropic person could not employ one thousand dollars better than by endowing a free scholarship in Alfred University.

—R. M. Wright of Galeton attempted suicide by taking laudanum on Wednesday of last week. Domestic troubles was the cause of the rash act.

—William Greer, a 19-year-old young man, was killed at Austin, recently, while unloading logs. He slipped and fell and two logs rolled over him crushing out his life.

—Hear the humorous lecture, "Odd Characters I Have Met," by Dr. C. H. Mead of New York at the M. E. church Monday evening, Feb. 1st. Children 15 cents. Adults 25 cents.

—Dr. Mead is the most logical, forceful, humorous speaker who as a Northern man has ever appeared before Southern audiences, universally admired, esteemed and loved by the people of the South.—The Cornerstone, Norfolk, Va.

—The general store of E. K. Kane at Kushequa was robbed last Thursday night and about $800 worth of goods were taken. The robbery is supposed to have been done by local parties. Mr. Kane has offered $500 reward for the arrest and conviction of the thieves.

—George Backus dislocated his shoulder last Friday evening. He was going down the stairs to the bowling alley when a companion shoved him a little in fun and he lost his balance and fell headlong down the stairs. Dr. Hamilton put the member in place and he is getting along nicely.

—Hugh Williams, a young fireman on the B., R. & P. Ry., whose home is in Ridgway, called on a DuBois girl the other day. He complained of feeling tired and laid down on a couch while the girl read to him. He soon fell asleep and did not awaken for 48 hours. DuBois girls must possess very soothing voices.

—Justice Bishop of the Iowa Supreme Court, Judge McHenry of the District Court and Justices of the Peace Duncan and Triso have formally announced that they will, during leap year, perform marriage ceremonies without charging the usual fees in all cases where the brides-elect acknowledge that they did the wooing and the proposing. "In my opinion," said Justice Bishop, "there is no good reason why women should not exercise their time-honored leap year rights in the matter of matrimony and I, for one, purpose to encourage them to do so."

Moon Worship In Britain.

Lunar superstitions lingered until a late period in the British islands. A writer of the seventeenth century says: "In Yorkshire, etc., northward, some country people doe worship the new moon on their bare knees, kneeling on an earthfast stone. And the people of Athol, in the highlands of Scotland, doe worship the new moon." Speaking of the Irish, he continues, "Whether or no they worship the moon I know not, but when they first see her after the change they commonly bow the knee and say the Lord's Prayer and near the wane address themselves to her with a loud voice after this manner, 'Leave us as well as thou foundest.'"

Sylvester O'Halloran, the Irish historian, speaking of the corresponding customs of the Phœnicians and Irish, adds: "Their deities were the same. They both adored Bel (or the sun), the moon and the stars. The house of Rimmon, which the Phœnicians worshiped in, (like our temples of Flechta in Meath), were sacred to the moon."

What Do People Read?

Every roadside fence is now a primer for the passerby, every trolley car is a first reader to the traveler and every boarding a treatise on zoology, manufactures and social problems. Today most read a little, if only the signs and posters, some read newspapers probably 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 of the 40,000,000 who could read them if they would. A few read novels. If the most popular novel finds only 1,000,000 buyers in a country where 40,000,000 could read it if they would, who can say that novel readers are more than a few? A very few, possibly 2,000,000 to 3,000,000, read standard literature and serious contributions to thought and knowledge. Surely the procession of readers grows larger every year, relatively as well as absolutely.—Outlook.

Obeyed Instructions.

The city editor summoned the photographer of his staff. "Colonel Wellgan's house is burning," he said, "and I want a picture of the fire. Get out there as quick as you can with your camera and take a view of what's left of the building from the inside of the fence corner."

"But," said the photographer, "if"—

"That's the point I want it taken from—right in the corner."

"But I think there's"—

"I don't care whether there's a better point or not. You know what I want. Hurry up. You are losing time."

The photographer took his camera and departed. A few hours later he came in with the proof of a picture he had taken from the desired point of view.

"What is this?" said the city editor.

"That is a photograph of the ruins of Colonel Wellgan's house from the inside corner of the fence near the street."

"I can't see anything of the house."

"I couldn't, either," responded the photographer. "I tried to tell you there was a big tree standing between that corner and the house, but you wouldn't let me."

Tibet, the Strange Land.

It is a wonderful country and a strange people. Think of a tract of land where hot springs abound, round which the deposits are of such rainbow tints as blue, purple, green, red and yellow. It is easy to imagine that the landscape effects of such coloring are wondrous. The social customs of the people are scarcely less astounding. Polygamy is common where the men are rich enough, for wives seem to be a question of wealth. When poverty compels them, several men will have one wife in common. Brothers usually enter into those strange partnerships. The people rarely wash, finding it warmer to be dirty. The men anoint their faces with butter, while the women stain their countenances uniformly pale with wood chips and lacquer the bridges of their noses jet black. Cleanliness is an unesteemed practice.—London Outlook.

Fatal Precaution.

A farmer in Cumberland county was driving across a railroad track when a train killed both his horses and knocked him about ten rods off his course. In the resulting suit for damages the plaintiff was on the witness stand, making out a good case, when the defendant's lawyer asked him:

"Did you take any precaution before driving upon the track?"

The witness seemed reluctant to answer, but, being pressed to do so, finally stammered out:

"Wall, sahtin, I took a little—just a couple of swallers, that's all."

This started a new line of defense, and it turned out that the couple of swallows were the last in a pint flask that had consoled the honest old farmer along the road. This put a new face on the situation.—Lewiston Journal.

Ruined by a Receding Sea.

Castle Rising is an instance of decay brought about by a receding sea, the town, once a place of considerable importance, giving way to King's Lynn as the waters retired. A memory of the former relative positions of the two places is kept alive by the lines:

Rising was a seaport town
When Lynn was but a marsh;
Now Lynn it is a seaport,
And Rising fares the worse.

But, though it lost its commercial value, it retained its political status, returning two members down to the reform act of 1832. At that time it had three voters on its poll list, but the only person legally entitled to exercise the right of voting was the rector.—London Chronicle.

Professional Mourners.

In ancient times funerals were followed by professional mourners, who simulated the appearance of the wildest grief. The custom survives in the valley of Sondrio in the Alps. There the women do not follow the funeral, but they group themselves at the entrance of the cemetery and burn, in honor of the dead, candles which vary in size, according to the remuneration. They are as prodigal as were the mourners of ancient times in their simulation of excessive grief.

It Rains Every Seven Days.

If it rains on the first Sunday of the month it is morally certain to rain on two or three of the other Sundays. Why it is so no one knows unless it be that rainstorms in this country come at intervals about seven days apart, and if the rain happens to hit the first Sunday the other rainy Sundays follow as a natural consequence. The coincidence has been noted too often to doubt that it really exists.—Exchange.

Evidences of Riches.

"Isn't her display of diamonds magnificent?"

"It is undeniably lavish," replied Miss Cayenne, "and in so much better taste than it would be to ornament herself with real money and government bonds."—Washington Star.

Getting Stingy.

Constance—Why so lachrymose, Gertrude? Is there any perceptible diminution of his love?

Gertrude—No, but of late he evinces a disinclination to talk about his money.—Town Topics.

His Old Master.

He (showing his country cousin a portrait in his art gallery)—What do you think of my old master?

She—Pleasant face the old gentleman has. How long did you study with him?

Physically, Not Financially.

She—I thought you said your father was a big contractor.

He—So he is. He weighs 325 pounds.—Chelsea Gazette.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Inward or Outward Piles, Old Sores, Scaly Head, Pois'n Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICINE CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Rogers and J. W. Voorhees

Legs and Oratory.

In the "Souvenirs de Mme. Récamier" there is a pleasant description of a scene which took place during her exile at Lyons in 1813. Almost every cultivated or fashionable individual who passed through that city was sure to be attracted to her house. Talma, the tragedian, happened to be giving some representations in the Grand theater and was dining with Mme. Récamier when the Bishop of Troyes, better known as the abbe of Boulogne, was announced. This celebrated preacher, though devoted to literature and familiar with the works of the great playwrights, had never seen a play performed.

After dinner Talma was persuaded to recite, to the intense gratification of the abbe, parts from his principal roles. In return Talma begged the ecclesiastic to repeat some passages of his sermons. When he had done so, "It is splendid, monseigneur, as far as this," exclaimed Talma, touching the chest of the preacher, "but the lower part of your body is deplorable! Clearly you have never bestowed a thought upon your legs!"

Stanley as a Fighter.

A thoroughly good man was Henry M. Stanley, whom I first met in the Ashanti expedition. No noise, no danger ruffled his nerve, and he looked as cool and self possessed as if he had been at "target practice." Time after time as I turned in his direction I saw him go down to a kneeling position to steady his rifle as he piled the most during of the enemy with a never failing aim. It is nearly thirty years ago, and I can still see before me the gleaming shirt tips and determined expression of his manly face, which when he looked in my direction told plainly I had near me an Englishman in plain clothes whom no danger could appall. Had I felt inclined to run away the cool, firm, unflinching manliness of that face would have given me fresh courage. I had been previously somewhat prejudiced by others against him, but all such feelings were slain and buried at Amoaful.—Lord Wolseley's Recollections.

Irving Improved.

"Now tell me what you can about Ichabod Crane," said the teacher as she took up the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

The little pupil described Ichabod's personal appearance and concluded with, "And he carried home the pumpkin that belonged to the parson."

The teacher gasped. "What are you talking about?" she demanded.

"Well, it said so in the book, and I'll find it for you," said the pupil excitedly, and she turned the pages until she found a certain paragraph which she triumphantly pointed out. And the teacher read, "It was a matter of no little vanity to John on Sundays to take his station in front of the church gallery with a band of chosen singers, where in his own mind he completely carried away the palm from the parson."

Umbrellas and Religious Services.

Umbrellas have always been intimately associated with religious services in Catholic churches. They were introduced in the church services of the Byzantine church, are borne over the host in procession and form part of the pontifical regalia as well as that of a cardinal. It is quite likely that the cardinal's hat is derived from the umbrella.

In Italian heraldry a vermilion umbrella in a field argent signifies dominion. The Harleian manuscripts have at least one drawing of an Anglo-Saxon gentleman whose servant shades him with a sort of umbrella having a curved handle and evidently not meant to close.

The Tone of Machinery.

Engineers judge of the condition of their machinery by the tone it gives out while running. Every engine, whether stationary or locomotive, has a particular tone of its own. The engineer becomes accustomed to that, and any departure from it at once excites a suspicion that all is not right. The engineer may not know what is the matter. He may have no ear for music, but the change in the tone of his machine will be instantly perceptible, will be instantly recognized and will start him on an immediate investigation.

Electricity Among the Japanese.

The Japanese understood electricity as an attractive force, of which they were very secret. The Greeks and Romans also knew something of the magnet as an attractive force known to modern science as an electrical attraction, something like the loadstone of the Chinese. They are supposed to be ignorant of its popularity, though in their secret records there are mentions of sacred forces which none but God knew and must not be tampered with by man.

Proofs of Affection.

She—You don't know what it is to love.

He—I don't, eh? Haven't I been to every play, read every popular novel in the last six months, got into debt hopelessly and cut off my mustache, and all for your sake?—Boston Journal.

Helen's Infatuation.

Eleanor—I've refused Edgar five times.

Dorothy—Well?

Eleanor—Here's a note saying he lends me this lovely diamond ring to wear until I accept him.

Now, Wasn't That Mean?

Mrs. J.—I wish you wouldn't snore so.

Mr. J.—I have to, my dear; otherwise the other boarders would hear you.—Columbia Jester.

One can stop when he ascends, but not when he descends.—Napoleon

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

CARPETS MADE, LAID AND LINED FREE.

The Wm. Hengerer Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Lace Curtains by Mail From Buffalo's Greatest Store

Here are a half dozen curtain items—every one a bargain chance. You may order them by mail with the perfect assurance that you'll be pleased, for every customer of the Hengerer Store is a satisfied customer. These price items are but a sample of the economy chances of this great store, for we are closing out our vast wholesale stocks through our retail departments. In the future this store will be devoted exclusively to retail merchandising.

MUSLIN CURTAINS—Plain ruffled, 2½ yards long, good width, made with full ruffle, hemstitched; French seam, five rows of tucks down side and across bottom, forming a dainty border, very pretty for bedrooms. Sale price, pair **49c**

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS—3½ yards long, 54 inches wide, made of extra quality Egyptian yarn, button hole stitched edge, parlor designs, plain centers and narrow borders, our exclusive patterns. Sale price, pr. **$1.47**

PARLOR LACE CURTAINS—Nottingham laces, exclusive designs reproduced from real Saxony Brussels patterns, very durable, button hole edges, superior grade yarn. Sale price, pair **$1.97**

LIBRARY AND DINING ROOM CURTAINS—Arabian and white, 54 inches wide and 3 yards long; Battenburg insertion and edged with 4-in. hem, making a dainty border, made of French Bobbinet. Sale price, pair **$2.47**

FINE LACE CURTAINS—Reproductions of real Renaissance, Arabian and antique lace curtains, ivory tints, edge borders, insertion effects mounted on heavy grade cable and wire net very handsome exclusive patterns. Sale price, pair **$3.49**

PARLOR LACE CURTAINS—Point de Calais, white only, a very dainty creation in effective styles that are principally reproductions of Brussels, Point de Paris and Renaissance designs. Sale price, pair **$4.98**

Curtains that are not entirely satisfactory may be returned at our expense—we'll exchange or refund your money. We make special designs for portieres and draperies of all descriptions—in fact, everything in the way of draperies is a specialty with us.

DELIVERING FREE. All purchases amounting to $5.00 or more, made within 150 miles of Buffalo, we will deliver FREE to your nearest railroad station.

MAIL ORDERS. We are always glad to have you write for samples or ask questions. Our personal will serve you promptly.

ALWAYS MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

REMEMBER this is the largest store between New York and Chicago, selling everything for wear and everything for home.

WE GIVE THE POPULAR "S. & H." GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

WHEN IN BUFFALO LUNCH IN OUR BASEMENT RESTAURANT.

THE WM. HENGERER CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - $30 000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver, and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Attention

is directed to our store where you will find the best and most complete assortment of

Groceries,
Provisions,
Teas,
Coffees,

and in fact everything to make an up-to-date store.

Hagberg & Sherburne
Smethport - Penn'a.

ATTENTION LADIES!

If you want to save money this is the place to do your purchasing. All Millinery is now going at a great sacrifice.

Excellent grade furs at a very reasonable price.

A few ladies' and children's cloaks left, which will be sold at a great reduction.

Also, have an elegant line of dress skirts and large assortment of flannelette wrappers, underwear, hosiery and other goods at very low prices. New Idea Patterns, 10c.

Mrs. H. E. Hinman,
Smethport, Pa.

Physicians have long been looking for a harmless headache cure. It has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as BROMO-PEPSIN. Besides curing every form of headache almost instantly, BROMO-PEPSIN is equally and as promptly efficacious in chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident thereto. It is effervescent and pleasant to take and may be had of all up-to-date druggists at ten cents a bottle. It comes as a boon to mankind and womankind.

C. A. BURDICK'S MUSIC STORE

From now until after the holidays I will sell my entire stock of Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines at a reduced price.

It is not necessary for any purchaser to go out of town, in order to buy a Piano or Organ as I handle strictly high grade instruments which include the Bush & Gerts, Packard and Story & Clark Pianos. You are not taking any chances of getting a worthless instrument when you purchase one of these Pianos as they are all guaranteed to be first class.

An inspection of these instruments will convince you that it is to your interest to deal with us.

Call and inspect my stock and get prices before going elsewhere.

C. A. BURDICK
Main St. Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts., Smethport.

Palmer & Vickery
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc., Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration c. t. a. on the estate of J. J. Hughes, late of Annin township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to John C. Brown, residing in Smethport borough, McKean county, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payments at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay to Gordon & Richmond, attorneys, Smethport, Pa.

JOHN C. BROWN,
Administrator c. t. a.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 8, 1903.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum; payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $5.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 28, 1904.

Announcement.

FOR TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

S. D. WEAVER.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 21, 1903.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican party of McKean county at the primaries.

J. F. DAVIS.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 4, 1904.

WAR between Russia and Japan seems less probable now. It is claimed that Russia is making concessions to Japan which will prevent a fight.

GOV. TAFT will succeed Hon. Elihu Root as Secretary of War, assuming his new duties next Monday. Gov. Taft will ably perform the duties of the important office to which he has been appointed.

THE whole city of Aalsund, Norway, was destroyed by fire on Saturday and 11,000 people are homeless. Every inhabitable building in the city was burned or badly damaged by fire. Only three lives were lost.

NEW YORK legislators are considering a new libel law. The proposed measure provides that no punitive damages can be collected if correction and retraction are duly made. No provision is made for mental anguish. How different!—Bradford Era.

KING PETER of Servia is now getting a dose of his own medicine. He plotted the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga and ascended the throne over their dead bodies. Conspirators are now plotting to serve him likewise and he knows that his life is in peril, and very little sympathy he gets from any source.

BOTH parties have nominated men to fill the various borough offices and the tickets are good ones. In local affairs it has been our custom not to take sides from a party standpoint and we do not intend to deviate from that rule. But when all other things are considered equal we would advise Republicans to vote the Republican ticket.

MR. BRYAN declares that the platform upon which he stood during two losing campaigns shall be reaffirmed at St. Louis next summer and many Eastern and Southern Democrats are becoming indignant at the peerless leader's tyrannical dictation. They are conspiring to drop him, with a sevenfold jolt, if he continues to assume control of the entire party without the consent of the governed. Democratic harmony seems to be in its usual fighting mood.—Bradford Era.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 23, 1904.

No sooner is one anti-Roosevelt ghost laid than another pops up. This time it is "far out west," where certain business interests, alleged to be railroads, are spreading a "propaganda" of opposition to the President. The report is that after a meeting of railway officials in Chicago word has been passed along the lines. Probably this propaganda is a canard, like most of the rest. As Senator Depew of New York, who represents the Vanderbilt interests, denies all knowledge of opposition to the building of the Panama canal on the part of railway interests, so, too, he knows of no such opposition to President Roosevelt. The Republican editors of Missouri have sent a cheering message to the White House that they are a unit for the renomination of its occupant. The Republican members of Congress from Pennsylvania say all the delegates from their State will vote at Chicago for President Roosevelt. Nebraska has sent word that she wants Mr. Roosevelt for President and John L. Webster for Vice President. On the 20th inst. the delegates to the National Board of Trade called upon the President. The Panama treaty is likely to be adopted without the amendments, as the President disproves of them and wants the whole matter settled as soon as possible. He will select for one of the Canal Commissioners Mr. Ishmar Randolph, chief engineer of the Chicago drainage board.

A vigorous and powerful speech was made on the 20th inst. by Senator Platt of Connecticut in defence of the President's action in Panama. He claimed that if warships and marines had not been sent to Panama when they were to protect the lives of Americans from the threatened massacre by the soldiers of Colombia, the whole American people would have protested without a dissenting voice. He denied there had been any intervention or collusion on the part of the Government. He asserted that the President had the right, treaty or no treaty, to send even the army into Panama if its presence was needed, the same as American soldiers were sent to China to rescue the American legation at Pekin. The same afternoon Senator Morgan made an earnest speech in favor of his bill providing for the annexation of Panama and authorizing the President to pay a lump sum for the pacification of Colombia. Senator Hale concurs.

The burial of another Congressman during the week recalls the existence of a crying evil in the matter of Congressional funerals, which both parties are responsible for and ought to combine to eradicate. Whenever a member dies the "etiquette" which Congress has established requires that a large committee of ten to twenty-five from both houses be appointed to escort the body home; that one or more Pullman sleepers shall be chartered by the Government; that they shall be stocked with all sorts of food and drink and that the committee and their friends shall go for a week more or less upon the junket. These funerals cost from $5,000 to $25,000 each. The champagnes are of the rarest brand and the cigars furnished cost fifty cents to one dollar apiece and each with its aroma is enclosed in a separate vial. On many occasions some members of the committee have become so intoxicated as not to be able to attend the funeral. Can such a disgraceful custom be forminated too soon?

A plan has been proposed in Congress for the employment of retired army officers. At present they are occupied on full pay, as pall-bearers, guests at teas and card devotees at clubs. Congress will be requested to order 250 of them to recruiting stations, to service in connection with State militia, and upon courts martial and inquiry. This, if accomplished, will relieve an equal number of officers on the active list and permit them to attend strictly to military duties.

Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, will arrive here to-day with the body of James Smithson, philanthropist, transferred from its resting place in Genoa to the Smithsonian grounds in this city. Natural son of the Duke of Northumberland, and thus cut off from his aristocratic connections, he deliberately chose the life of scholar, philosopher, philanthropist. In the Revolutionary War he opposed his countrymen and sent a missile letter to his cousin Percy who was suddenly missing from command during the battle of Bunker Hill. Smithson gave half a million dollars to found the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, prophesying that results of the gift would bring him the fame he coveted after the Northumberlands are forgotten. It is hoped that the scientist and scholar will not be given an unfamiliar seat on horseback, in the statue they are to erect on the Smithsonian grounds in this city.

The National Board of Trade, in session in Washington, asked Congress to discontinue the coinage of silver dollars and to direct the treasury to exchange gold for them when presented; to provide for a merchant marine; to adopt the metric system; to provide for a parcels post; to reduce letter postage to one cent; and to protect the flag from being used for advertising purposes.

During Senator Platt's speech in vindication of the President on the 21st inst., Miss Alice Roosevelt was an interested listener in the reserved gallery. She wore a costume of rich brown satin, demi-train; zouave jacket of the same with elbow sleeves from which fell to the wrist a very full puff of lace; white gloves. Her hat was of shirred crepe to match the dress, with a very wide brim the edge ornamented with a band of brown ostrich plumes. Cape and muff of white fox fur.

A grand reception in honor of the judiciary was given at the White House Thursday evening, the 21st inst. The diplomats, in full uniform, were first received and then the Chief Justice and his wife. The procession began to move about 9 o'clock p. m. Thousands were in line. Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Knox and other ladies wore white satin. Mr. John W. Foster has entertained her friends at a luncheon. Lieut. Fortescue, nephew of the President by marriage, has entertained at the White House the military aides on duty there.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATOR, EXECUTORS and Guardians, having been settled, in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February A. D. 1904:

First and final account of L. L. Crocker, administrator of the estate of Benjamin Crocker, deceased.

Final account of Anna R. Davis, administratrix of the estate of George M. D. Davis, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of W. A. Blakeman, administrator of the estate of W. W. Blakeman, deceased.

First and final account of Frank D. Smear and Byron R. Smear, administrators of the estate of William Smear, deceased.

First and final account of Edward L. Leonhart, executor of the last Will and Testament of Maria L. McCord, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of Elizabeth Gallup and Fred D. Gallup, administrators of the estate of W. D. Gallup, deceased.

First and partial account of John E. Dusenbury, surviving executor of the last Will and Testament of E. H. Arnold, deceased.

First and partial account of John E. Dusenbury, executor of the last Will and Testament of E. P. Dalrymple, deceased.

First and partial account of John E. Dusenbury, guardian of Keith E. Dalrymple, minor child of E. P. Dalrymple, deceased.

First and final account of John E. Dusenbury, guardian of Hugh A. Dalrymple, minor child of E. P. Dalrymple, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1904.

Incorporation Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Friday, February 19, 1904, by Frank G. Lindholm, Ralph E. Burdick and Arthur L. Youmans, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Lindholm Company," the character and object of which is "For the purpose of buying, selling and dealing in dry goods, carpets, notions, boots and shoes," and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

GILLILT & BOUTON, Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 25, 1904.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Our Sale is Just Beginning

The old adage—"Large Bodies Move Slowly," illustrates pretty correctly the progress of our sale. Like an engine on the up-grade, we keep the lever open and steam up all the time. The people who buy keep puffing and blowing about the bargains they get. And under the impetus given at the start the big engine of trade runs smoothly each day with steadily increasing momentum. The garments sold since the sale started, Jan. 19 are only a drop in the bucket compared with the number on hand at the start. What have been sold will never be missed. The only way we notice the stock depreciation is by the full cash drawyer. This sale is on yet, and will continue until stock is reduced to normal condition, be the time soon or long. We shall continue to sell overcoats and suits and furnishings and hats for man and boy at cost, and less than cost, and Y-O-U are invited.

IKE SIMONS, BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE 46-48 Main street, Bradford, Pa.

We are sole selling agents for the

Globe-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's For Fresh HOME MADE CANDIES try us.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 28, October Term, 1903.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ada Marshall did, on the 4th day of June, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Edward L. Marshall.

We therefore command you, the said Edward L. Marshall, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of Ada Marshall and show cause, if any you have, why the said Ada Marshall, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 26, 1904.

A. L. Hamilton, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 215, June Term, 1903.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Dollie M. Keller did, on the 2d day of May, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Edward C. Keller.

We therefore command you, the said Edward C. Keller, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of Dollie M. Keller and show cause, if any you have, why the said Dollie M. Keller, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 25, 1904.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 207, October Term, 1903.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Margaret May Bishop did, on the 31st day of August, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank Bishop.

We therefore command you, the said Frank Bishop, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Margaret May Bishop and show cause, if any you have, why the said Margaret May Bishop, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1904.

Gallup & Bouton Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Friday the twenty-ninth day of January, 1904, by T. H. Quinn, M. F. Quinn, R. S. Sherman, W. H. Bingrose and J. S. Lateh, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called CLERMONT SEWER PIPE COMPANY, the character and object whereof is manufacturing and refining clays, shales and silica rock and the manufacture and marketing of sewer pipe, tile, brick and other products for which clay, shales and silica rock can be used, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

JOHN G. WHITMORE, Solicitor.

January 2, 1904.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

That's our business—dealing in Shoes—and we carry a large and complete assortment of fashionable Shoes at prices that are sure to please.

We aim to please all our customers and judging from past experience we believe we do.

If in need of anything in the line of

FOOTWEAR

come in, examine our line and get prices.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,

Have secured the services of THOMAS CLARK, an experienced plumber, and am better preppred to do all work of that nature.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES, RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

BIG REDUCTIONS DURING JANUARY.

Clothes to Order.

May We Have Your Measure?

Our Tailoring Department is organized to run like clock work. The artistic taste of our cutter, the skill of our tailors and the value in our woolens are all on a par. Everything is the best money can command, yet we are not high priced.

A tailor should be judged by the clothes he makes, not by the prices he asks.—Judge us that way.

We Take the Risk of Pleasing You.

Cutter, maker and finisher must all work in harmony or there can be no sureness of style and fit; from the first snip of the shears till the last inspection, the suit or garment is never for an instant in the jingle of uncertainty.

Try us on your next Suit or Overcoat.

Remember the garments are not yours until you say "perfectly satisfied."

H. W. RUBIN.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SMETHPORT, PA.

When visiting store of

D. C. YOUNG

Do not forget to call for

Purple Trading Stamps.

When your book is full you can get one of the best premiums ever offered for stamps.

AM REDUCING THE PRICE OF MANY

Winter Goods

I have fitted up a bargain counter upon which customers will find many things of interest to them.

Do not fail to look at

Flannelette Wrappers for Women

Have a large lot of them which I have bought very cheap and am selling for cost. Have also a lot of New Spring Goods which were brought before the advance in prices of cotton. It will pay you to look at my stock before buying elsewhere. Trading stamps given with every purchase of ten cents or more.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Jan. 26 1904.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

HOW WOULD IT DO TO STEP INTO

McCoy's Drug Store

AND PURCHASE ONE OF THE LATE NOVELS. INSTEAD OF TALKING ABOUT YOUR NEIGHBORS TALK ABOUT THAT.

McCoy's Drug Store.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

RED STAMPS **F. G LINDHOLM & CO.** RED STAMPS

BIG SALE
OF
Men's Union Made Shoes and Rubber Boots.

In our Shoe Department we are offering for a limited time some exceptional values in order to close out all makss except the Packard Line, which we will handle exclusively in the future. These shoes are all good styles made by the following manufacturers: W. L. Douglas, Buell, Smith Sterling Shoe Co. and Case Shoe Co.

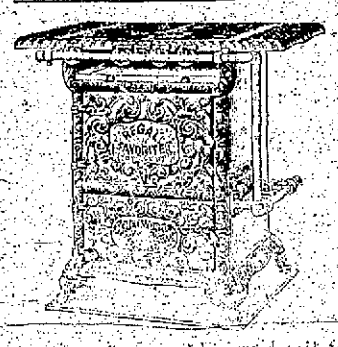
$4.00 Patent Colt or Enamel Shoes, all sizes, plain or Blucher Cut	$2.98
$4.00 Box Calf, Veloures Calf or Viel Kid Shoes, all sizes, plain or Blucher cut	$2.98
$3.50 Box Calf or Veloures Calf Shoes, all sizes	$2.69
$3.00 Box Calf Shoes, all sizes	$2.29
$2.50 Box Calf Shoes, all sizes	$1.79

Our complete stock of Goodyear Rubbber Boots also go at a sacrifice in prices.

$3.75 Storm King Boots	$2.29
$3.50 Short Top Duck Boots	$2.89
$3.00 Short Top Plain Rubber Boots	$2.25
$2.00 Storm King Boots for Boys	$1.39
$1.25 Short Fleeced Boots for Children	$1.00

A few Broken Lines of seasonable goods left from our Clearance Sale will go at the some reduced prices until closed out. LOOK OUT for our Annual White Goods sale next month.

Red Stamps **F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.** Red Stamps



AN UNASSAILABLE POSITION.

Favorite Gas Ranges hold that position which comes only thro Quality. We absolutely guarantee them to you. Every detail of their manufacture has quality behind it. They are the best we know of, the best anybody can make. As a result Favorite Gas Ranges sell better and make more friends than any other gas range on the market. Herr Detels, one of the best noted cooks in the country, and who for the past few weeks has been conducting a class in cooking in this borough, has the following to say of the Favorite Gas Range:

"I use only Favorite Gas Ranges because I have found them to be the best. They do perfect work and are superior to all others in my judgment. I am not employed by the company who make them, or paid for this testimonial. The excellent satisfaction these ranges have given me justifies me in recommending them."

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner,

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 28, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read the new advertisement of The Fair, Bradford, in this issue.

—D. C. Young has a new and interesting advertisement in this issue.

—Mrs. W. F. Specht is entertaining with cards at her home on King street.

—The popular ballad singer, Arthur Herbert, is with the Edwards Stock Co.

—Matrimony is one of the games of chance that is not opposed from the pulpit.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. advertise a big sale of men's shoes and rubber boots this week.

—The greatest of all character artists, Miss Alice Kent, will introduce her side-splitting specialties with the Edwards Stock Co.

—After being tied up for several weeks by the heavy snow the B., B. & K. railroad is again open for traffic. The first train was run Sunday.

—Mrs. Kate Soffel was arrested at Connellsville, Pa., last Saturday night before she could appear on the stage in the drama, "A Daring Woman," written for her.

—There will be a match game of ten pins rolled at J. C. Backus' alleys tomorrow night between twelve Bradford traveling men and an equal number of Smethport bowlers.

—There are several cases of scarlet fever in Ormsby. This dreaded disease has got into four families. Every precaution is being taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

—Peck's Bad Boy is the attraction at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening. Manager Clark says this will be a first-class comedy and that it is well spoken of wherever it plays.

—"Jeremiah's Strenuous Preaching of the Gospel Before Christ" is the subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. Stereopticon views of India at the evening service.

—Washington society is having a lot of trouble because the wives of the diplomatic corps were given precedence over the wives of the Justices of the Supreme Court at a reception at the White House.

—At the coroner's inquest on the Iroquois Theatre catastrophe in Chicago it was recommended that Mayor Carter H. Harrison and other city and theatre officials be held for the action of the grand jury. On Tuesday the mayor, the theatre manager, Will H. Davis, and six others were placed under arrest and gave bail for their appearance at court.

—A dispatch from Victor, Col., dated Jan. 26 says: By the falling of a cage to-day in the Stratton Independence mine, located near the centre of this city, 15 men are dead and one other severely injured.

—The ladies of St. Elizabeth's Aid Society will give a card party Monday evening, Feb. 1, at the hose house. A nice lunch will be served and prizes given, all for 25 cents. Everybody invited at eight o'clock.

—Mrs. W. O. Hamlin sprained her wrist quite badly Sunday evening. She was returning home from church when she slipped on the icy sidewalk and in trying to save herself she put out her hand with the above result.

—Rev. Mr. McCandless was unable to get out to church on Sunday last and has been confined to the house most of the week on account of a severe cold. The services on next Sunday will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m.

—Gorton's Minstrels played to a good sized house at the Lyceum last Friday night. The show generally gave good satisfaction, the solo work of Joe Gorton, Jr., on baritone and trombone and in fact the whole musical program being unusually good.

—A number of our young society ladies gave a leap year party at the hose house Monday evening. About fifteen couples were in attendance and danced to the tuneful music of the Lyceum orchestra till an early hour. The boys all agree that the girls are good entertainers.

—Dr. Mead of New York made an address that caught the popular approval and was cheered and applauded at every point. It was humorous, but from humor to pathos was an easy transition for the speaker, and tears and laughter were not far apart.—Nashville Daily American.

—Lafrone Terwilliger, who was seriously injured on Wednesday last by being run over by a pair of bobsleds, is improving rapidly and will soon be as well as ever. We have since learned that it was not Claude Irons who was driving the team at the time of the accident, but a younger brother.

—A disastrous tornado swept over Moundsville, Ala., a town of 300 inhabitants, on Friday and 87 people were killed and more than 100 injured. Every business place with the exception of a small drug store was completely destroyed. The tornado mowed a path a quarter of a mile wide through the the town.

—It is reported that all the big circuses have agreed to abolish street parades next season. The proprietors say that the labor and cost are not warranted by the number of people attracted to the "big show" in this way. The theory is that the usual crowds will attend without the free street parade. Perhaps they will, but we doubt it.

—Fire in the Masonic Temple in Chicago on Saturday caused a panic among the 4,000 occupants of the building and damaged the stock and fixtures of tenants to the extent of $20,000. All occupants of the building escaped without serious injury through the bravery of the elevator men, who remained at their posts operating their cars while dense clouds of smoke filled the building.

—For bright and witty dialogue, clean and wholesome fun, novel and unique specialties, the most popular songs of the day well sung, elegant costumes, new scenery, in fact for everything to please the eye and ear, Peck's Bad Boy for this season is without rival in the farce comedy world. At the Lyceum on Tuesday evening, February 2d, he will make the above statement good. Go there and let him prove it to you.

—City papers in this part of the country are beaten to a pulp by the country press when it comes to cold weather stories. Even big, egotistical New York city can offer nothing better than a paltry 6 below zero for this record-breaking winter. 12 above zero was considered cold enough to warrant a scare head in the Buffalo News recently, and still that paper publishes "Odd Bits from the Country Press." In McKean county 20 below zero is hardly considered worthy of mention.

—A sleighload of young people started for a leap year ride to Eldred last Sunday evening. All went very pleasantly and the girls were playing the part of escorts most gallantly until they started to cross the river flats. Here the rig got into deep water and then it was demonstrated that girls will be girls, even in leap year. One of the boys who was in the party told us that some of them prayed while others cried and a general panic followed. The rig was turned around and the party arrived home into that night in safety.

—What is claimed to be the richest radium-bearing earth in the world has been discovered in the Llano-Gold-and coal fields, 115 miles north of Austin, Texas. Rumors of the discovery of the earth bearing a large per cent. of radium in the Llano have been persistent for some time and shortly these rumors were verified by the return of a party of scientists who had visited the mines to investigate the reports. These gentlemen state that the Llano earths will produce a larger percentage of radium than that of any other known deposit.

—Harry Brewer, aged 8 years, was taken ill with diphtheria at the home of his parents, near the County Home on Thursday last. The house was put under strict quarantine and it is hoped that the disease will not spread any farther. Dr. Ostrander who has charge of the case, says the little fellow is getting along nicely. None of the other members of the family are afflicted. A little girl named Barnes, in the same house, has a sore throat, but Dr. Ostrander said yesterday afternoon that it had not developed into diphtheria and that he did not think it would.

—The Cross Fork News denies the report that August Swanson was found frozen to death in a hut in the forest near Oleona and says that no man has frozen to death in Potter county this winter. Several metropolitan papers stated that Swanson was the last survivor of the famous colony established by Ole Bull. However, Editor Fish says that there is but one of the famous Ole Bull colony left and that one is Ole Olson, who was never a hermit, but has a family and lives, honored and respected, on his farm at Oleona. He is a brother of the late Burt Olson, formerly editor of the MINER.

Estray Notice.

Came to the premises of the undersigned on Cole Creek in Keating township during the month of August, 1903, a yearling heifer, white with brown spots. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges, otherwise it will be disposed of according to laws governing estrays.

JOHN C. HERZOG.

LYCEUM THEATRE,

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Tuesday, February 2.

WE MEAN IT!

AN ENTIRELY NEW VERSION OF

PECK'S BAD BOY

New Play!
New Scenery!
New Costumes!
New Specialties!
New People!

A BRAND NEW SHOW!

L. M. HEATH, Prop.
GEO. W. HEATH, Mgr.

PERSONAL MENTION

E. L. Ryan had business in town on Friday.

Dr. H. L. McCoy had business in Olean Tuesday.

J. W. Waite attended the poultry show at Olean this week.

Wm. Swanson of Kasson made us a pleasant call this afternoon.

Orlo J. Hamlin returned Saturday from a business visit to Buffalo.

Harry E. Hess of Kane was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Backus of Olean were guests of relatives in town this week.

Mrs. E. J. Tappan of Mt. Jewett spent Sunday the guest of Mrs. F. T. Charnock.

Shell B. Sawyer of Wellsville, N. Y., is visiting his parents and other relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. J. Clayton Backus was called to Eldred Monday on account of the serious illness of her mother.

F. J. Sillies, the genial proprietor of the Clermont House, Clermont, was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday.

D. C. Young returned on Saturday from a visit with his son, Dr. F. R. Young, in the Adirondack mountains. He says Ray is improving.

Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker leave tomorrow for a visit to Baltimore, Md. Dr. Baker will be absent about three weeks. While there he will take a post graduate course in dentistry.

J. F. Davis of Bradford, the genial candidate for county treasurer on the Republican ticket, was greeting his many friends in town this week. "Shorty" is a jolly good fellow and will make a good run.

It's a Trying Proposition,

baking griddle cakes on the old-fashioned cake griddle. You should try a Jewel. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Leave your orders for oysters and clams with N. M. Harrington. He carries the best stock in town and they are always fresh.

The Fair,

BRADFORD, PA.

We Can Save You

ENOUGH ON YOUR DRY GOODS PURCHASES

To Make You Always Trade AT THE FAIR

Our famous MILL END SALE has been a great success. Customers must be satisfied with the values received. That's the secret of successful merchandising,

"Goods Always as Advertised."

Never "just out," more coming, etc. Mill Ends are remnants—not store remnants, but MILL remnants. They come in linens, crashes, toweling, white goods, laces, embroideries, outing flannels and all other kinds of Dry Goods found in up-to-date dry goods stores. And the price—you save at least 40 per cent. We buy them that way.

When in BRADFORD VISIT and trade at

The Fair,

22 Main Street.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of John A. Nelson, late of Smethport borough, McKean county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Edward Larson, residing in said borough, county and state, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

EDWARD LARSON, Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 16, 1903.

Correspondence

Bookkeeping or Shorthand, full course by mail, $13.50. The best there is, and all it is worth anywhere. If more is paid it goes to agents and for their expenses. We have no "drummers." School stands on its merits. Call or write, WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

LAST OF THE JANUARY CLEARING SALES.

JAN. 25 **Double Yellow Stamp Week** JAN. 30

In addition to the best values in all departments we will, during the week of Jan. 25th, give double yellow stamps on all cash purchases.

DRESS GOODS

Cottan Plaids & Novelties, 30 in. 15c regularly, Now 11c
25c regularly. Now 19c

All Wool Cheviots 58 in. 1.25 values. Now 89c

Scotch Suitings 58 in. 1.50 values. Now 1.15

BEDDING

1.25 Comforts. Now 95c
1.50 " " 1.18
2.00 " " 1.50
2.50 " " 1.65
3.00 " " 2.25
5-5 White Blankets. Now 4.50

LADIES FURNISHINGS

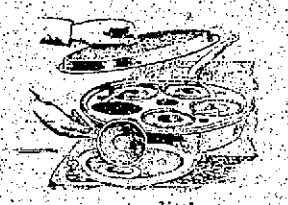
Shirt Waists. Flannels and Ginghams. Now ½ price.
Vestings and Cheviots. Now ¼ off.
Outing Night Gowns. Now ¼ off.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

100 Stiff Shirts. Now 68c
150 " " " 98c
50c underwear. " 38c
One lot brown ribbed fleeced underwear. An excellent garment.
Outing Night Shirts. Now ¼ off.

THE LUXURY OF LIVING finds fullest expression in the perfect

Buffalo Steam Egg Poacher



The eggs are cooked by the steam circulating over them, making them peculiarly delicate and delicious. Each being in a separate little cup, with handle they may be easily slipped onto toast or plate without breaking. We also have them with two sets of cups, shallow for eggs, etc., deep for custards, puddings, etc.

BUFFALO STEAM CEREAL COOKER.

In this Steam Cereal Cooker the steam circulates over, around and through the cereals expanding the kernels and making them plump, tender and digestible.

The merit of this article is not confined to the cooking cereals, it is an all-around kitchen utensil.

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Don't Wear Wrinkles

Or freckles or any facial blemishes when with little time and patience you can have a skin as soft and white as a baby's.

We have just received a full line of

TOILET PREPARATIONS

Try our face massage, Orange Cream.
Marbeau's Freckle Lotion is an exquisite toilet dressing.
Milk of Cucumber and Oriental Beautifier or face bleach.
They are the finest preparations made. Just try them and be convinced.

Wells Pharmacy.

Central Block — **THE FAMOUS** — Smethport Penna.

CLOTHING STORE.

CONFIDENCE

brought the crowd to our

BIG REDUCTION SALE

which began last week. Quality and low price made a great many new customers, and pleased the old ones.

VALUES SO GREAT

have never been offered before, and now comes the

CLEANUP SALE

of small broken lots of OVERCOATS, and to dispose of them quickly regular $7.50, $8.50 and $9.50 OVERCOATS, will go at $6.00
$10.00, $12.50 and 13.50 " " " $7.50
others reduced in proportion, ALL SIZES.

Wm. Monheimer.

MRS. PEPPER'S TACTICS

By HARRIET WHITNEY

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

It was 7 o'clock Monday morning, and the smoke of Loulzy Cottonwood's wash fire in the back yard was threading its blue haze into the fresh, early air.

Loulzy's father, Lyman Cottonwood, striking out 'cross lots, lugged a little while he started his after breakfast cob pipe. His gaze dwelt ruminatively upon the big ash hopper a few moments, then traveled back to the form of his daughter just appearing from the smokehouse with a tub in her arms.

"Loulzy!"

The young woman turned her head around, set her tub upon a backless chair and came forward, her low, flat shoes patting softly over the short "goose grass." Her light-red locked skimp in its blue calico washing gown, her locks were brassy in color and not too plentiful; she had gathered them up high and twisted them so tightly that the outer corners of her eyes were drawn upward like those of a Chinese woman.

"Loulzy," said her father, leaning an elbow on a corner of the hopper, "I was goin' to tell you an' forgot the Widder Pepper's comin' up today for a basket o' windfall Spy apples to make dumplin's an' I gotter be at Harris' all day helpin' thresh. You show 'er where the good ones is an' don't you sass 'er none, y' understand?"

"I ain't carin' how many Spy apples she gathers. I reckon apples wasn't the only thing you an' her was 'settlin' about yesday evenin'."

"Well," Lyman looked off slantwise across the hopper, "I got 'erpenned up es close es you ever kin pen a woman. The darned military birds won't never give fair a square out-yes' till after the preacher's sent 'er. But you kin count on havin' a stand before pumpkins is ripe."

"I wouldn't think then, paw," Loulzy's voice became mildly reproachful, "seein' how happy you're goin' to be, you'd ought to ketch me in an' Sam."

The father came up from his lounging attitude with a jerk.

"Loulzy, land o' liberty, you mean—you mean you're goin' to ketch Sam Dorkins?"

"Now, paw, you're gittin' different—jest this minute you're—"

He picked off his points with the forefinger of his right hand in the spread palm of the left—"I told you the whiffers an' whysos yes'day an' that's nuff said. An' now this mornin' at this Ef I don't find Sam Dorkins at Harris', thrashin' today, it's a sign he's over yere, an' ef he is you'll see me back, an' you'll see me bounce Sam over the fence into the fresh quick enough to jest his ears crooked. Now, mind what I've told you."

Loulzy shed so many tears over her wash that morning that when the fat little Widow Pepper came with her basket she cast many sharply inquisitive glances at the red rims of the forlorn maiden's eyes.

"Looky here, Loulzy Cottonwood," said she at length as the two trudged up to the orchard, "you ain't been actin' the baby 'cause your paw wants to marry ag'in, hev you?"

"Loulzy shook her head.

"I wouldn't care a speck if he married tomorrow ef he'd leave me an' Sam Dorkins alone."

"Humph," said the widow. "What's he layin' up against Sam?"

"Nothin' 'particker, but he 'lows there's no sense of me a-marryin' fer half a dozen years er so. He's countin' on takin' a lot of city folks to board of summers after you an' him air married, an' he says two women 'll be needed to cook for 'em."

"Well, I say!" Mrs. Phebe Pepper brought the exclamation out with a chop. Then she stepped in the path and laughed with a heartiness that threatened to break her apron strings. Mrs. Pepper was short and wide, and her little round, dark face expressed a mixture of good nature, shrewdness and obstinacy.

"He's a curious old plant, your paw is," said she, "but I've jist got this to say: Ef any man o' mine ever takes any summer boarders he'll do the cookin' er else he'll hire it done."

Loulzy shook her head dissentingly. "You'll think different when paw gets you."

"He ain't got me yit," said the widow cheerfully. "Looky here, Loulzy, how old air you?"

"Thirty-three," confessed Loulzy, with a slight blush.

"The law me! An' you're scared to marry without your paw says you kin?"

The blush widened, taking in Loulzy's ears.

"You don't know paw," said she dismally.

"Couldn't more than kill ye, could he?"

"Some folks' tongues is worse than killin'."

The widow trudged forward in silent self communion, which lasted until they reached the Northern Spy apple tree. Loulzy began to fill the basket with the bright streaked windfalls, but Mrs. Pepper plumped herself down comfortably into the clover.

"Sam Dorkins is goin' on forty," said she meditatively. "He's a sight nigher to my age than yours."

Loulzy paused suddenly in her task and looked questioningly at the widow.

"Oh, I was jest a-thinkin'," the latter observed carelessly, biting juicily into a big apple. "Me an' Sam was allers good friends. Better stop now, Loulzy. That's many es I kin pack."

* * * * * * *

Lyman Cottonwood was in the narrow lane between his turnip field and his tobacco patch stopping a gap in the fence when a dridding of feet on the mellow earth drew his attention. A broad shouldered fellow was swinging briskly along with an ax on his shoulder.

"Hello, Uncle Lyman!" he hailed cheerfully.

"Here, you, Sam Dorkins," Lyman barred his way with belligerent elbows. "This yere lane's a private one, ef you want to know it, an' you've gotter keep away from Loulzy Cottonwood, whether you want to know it er not."

"I ain't a-goin' to tote the lane off with me, ner Loulzy neither. I wasn't a-goin' to stop yere. Didn't know es I'd spile the lane goin' through it to the Widder Pepper's."

"Widder Pepper's!" bawled Lyman frantically. "What business you goin' anywhere nigh the Widder Pepper?"

"Come, now, Uncle Lyman," grinned Sam, "don't her a fit. Reckon I kin go chop a little stove wood fer a good lookin' widder without you floppin' up like a skyrocket. I've knowed the widder a many a year."

"I don't keer a con-taked turnip seed what you've knowed," foamed Lyman. "The widder kin git stove wood without you a-cuttin' it. You take an' let that widder alone or you shuck off yer coat an' watch out fer me."

"Sure enow," returned Sam, "you know I'm a younger man 'n you, Uncle Lyman; better not be too biggoty. You may think you're the only speckled bean in the hill, but widders is notionated an' like about t'other way es cuss es a dipjack. An' the country's free, es I've heard say. There's no statute that says two men shan't spark one widder, an' I reckon my chances is good es yourn of I choose to stake 'em right heavy. You kin fence me off from Loulzy, but you can't fence me off from the widder."

"I'll send you flyin' over them rails," declared Lyman wrathfully.

"Well, now, I ain't right shore it'd be good policy to tackle the job," said Sam argumentatively. "You got right smart of rheumatiz ye know, Uncle Lyme. Ye might pitch me over—an ye mightn't. Now, I'll tell you what: The widder's in need of stove wood. I shall go there an' cut it for her an' stay to supper, 'cuse I'll look you lay ax an' leave you go cut the wood fer her, an' I'll go in an' talk to Loulzy a spell. What'll it be?"

Lyman leaned against the rail fence, his brain whizzing with new battery ideas. The desirability of the widow had increased tenfold since this bold rival had proclaimed himself so determinedly. What was Loulzy in comparison? The idea came to a focus. He stepped forward resolutely.

"Han' over the ax," he said briefly, "an' so long as Loulzy's frowin'. Now an' her kin be es big fools es you want."

When Mrs. Phebe Pepper, looking from her doorway, saw Mr. Lyman Cottonwood coming up the walk with Sam's ax on his shoulder her black eyes sparkled with fun.

"I 'lowed that would fetch Lyme or Sam workin' in all right," she said to herself with a smothered chuckle, "an' mighty lucky thing for Loulzy Cottonwood her futur stepmaw's got a leetle grain o' gumption, seein' Loulzy don't know no more'n a goslin' how to tend to her own love affairs."

Pickwickian Love Letters.

A book on William IV. recalls the fact that the love letters produced by Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz at the Pickwick Bardell trial were patterned after letters actually used as evidence in the suit brought by the worthless George Norton against Lord Melbourne when he was prime minister of the "Sailor King."

Three letters from Melbourne to Mrs. Norton were discovered. They were as follows:

I will call about half past 4. Yours,
MELBOURNE.

How are you? I shall not be able to call today, but probably shall tomorrow.
MELBOURNE.

No house today. I will call after the levee, about 4 or half past. If you wish it latter let me know. I shall then explain about going to Vauxhall.
—MELBOURNE.

The actual comment on these alarming documents by George Norton's counsel is not less amusing than the interpretation of "chops and tomato sauce" by Serjeant Buzfuz. Sir William Follett told the jury:

"These notes seem to admit much more than the words convey. They are written cautiously, I admit. There is not passion in them. They are not love letters. But they are not written in the ordinary style of correspondence usually adopted between intimate friends."

One wonders if even an English jury could treat this gravely.

Without Prejudice.

Mr. Nesbit, who had painted a picture of the noble red man in war paint and feathers, wanted an unbiased opinion of his work. His wife said that the picture was the best thing of the kind that she had ever seen. His dearest friend, too, was decidedly enthusiastic. Both declared, in short, that any one would know at a glance that it was intended for an Indian.

"To tell the truth," said Nesbit, looking somewhat doubtfully at the picture, "I haven't a great deal of confidence in either of you. You [illegible] praise everything I do. [illegible] down to the street [illegible] I find some person who can be depended upon to give me an absolutely unprejudiced opinion of this picture—a child, for instance. Children always tell the truth."

Five minutes later Nesbit returned with three small boys whom he had found playing marbles in the street.

"Now, boys," he said, "take a good look at this picture. I'll give each of you 10 cents if you'll tell me just exactly what you see."

"A rooster!" shouted the three boys simultaneously.—Youth's Companion.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

COST OF HONEYMOONS

HOW THOSE SPENT IN WASHINGTON MAY VARY IN EXPENSE.

Bridegrooms, as a Rule, Are Regardless of the Price of Things on Bridal Tours—How $300 a Day Was Spent in a Hotel In the Capital.

Why is it that so many bridal couples come to Washington to spend their honeymoons? Perhaps the question cannot be satisfactorily answered, but the fact remains that the capital is a great Mecca for the newly wedded. Some people say that it is because Washington is restful and that at this one period in their lives men and women do not care for bustle. They want to be able to devote some thought to each other without fear of personal accident. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that the annual influx of brides and grooms amounts to at least 20,000 persons.

The manager of one of the hotels of the city was asked in regard to the expenses of a honeymoon.

"Is a honeymoon in Washington too expensive for a man with a moderate salary," the reporter asked, "or can it be reduced to an economical basis without displaying the limitations of the bridegroom's purse should he happen to be of the less wealthy class?"

"That question need not be a vexed one," replied the affable manager. "A honeymoon in Washington can be as costly as the purse can buy or it can be spent on an amazingly small amount. If you will, of course, consider the luxury afforded by our modern hotels."

"At this moment I have in mind a man from Chicago who brought his bride here on their wedding trip. Their living expenses amounted to something like $300 a day, that amount being spent in the hotel. But, then," the manager added, "this man had an almost unquenchable thirst for rare old wines and things in season and out of season. But there is just one thing I wish to say in connection with the American bridegroom. I cannot recall one instance where the quality does not hold good, be he a man of wealth or one of modest income. He never questions the price of things. This even proves true concerning the entertainment of our apartments. He spends his money generously and without consultation.

"I remember we had as guests at the same time with our $300 a day couple a newly wedded pair from New England. Their daily expenses were $10. Now, using these figures, which are entirely accurate, one can quickly see that luxurious living—it can be purchased for the latter amount is not so frightfully expensive as our out of town friends picture. Really, the amount of money to be spent is more a matter of taste than the condition of one's purse."

At this juncture the manager reached and threw open the door of the state bridal suit, displaying a veritable glimpse of fairyland. This chamber is the most expensive room in the hotel. Its size does not differ materially from the less elegantly furnished rooms, but in magnificence it rivals the most gorgeous bedchambers of European palaces. One speedily realizes that to comprehend its beauty color temperament becomes a necessity.

Investigation reveals walls of plain moire damask, the color of which deepens from the faintest shade of shell pink to the rich blush of the rose. This effect is continued in the less rich hangings and draperies of the same tints, while the carpet reflects the same lines, which become lightened by windows covered with rare old lace. The furniture is of Louis XIV. period, the color scheme is carried out in the upholsterings of figured damask in dainty floral designs and scroll effects, while the four poster bedstead, with its canopy, is said to be an exact copy of the original at Chevy, the cost of the bed alone being enormous.

"But how do you make the expenses run up to $300 a day?" inquired the reporter.

"Quite easily enough. This room, including bath, is $25 a day. Such guests as occupy an apartment of that sort demand a private dining room, the latter ranging in price according to the elaboration of the room and the table furnishing, say $25 for the dining room a day, and $50 is disposed of at once. Now, $100 for three meals for two people is not so much, after all, when priceless wines are served with luncheon and dinner.

"Game, fruit and vegetables out of season are worth their weight in gold, so $100 is a mere bagatelle. The remaining $150 is paid for drawing-room, room and board for maid, exclusive of carriage."

Meanwhile the couple from New England were serenely content in their apartment—a bright room, with adjoining bath and every comfort, which cost them $3 a day. Their meals, being ordered judiciously from an elaborate menu, amounted to $6, while the combined tips of husband and wife reached the sum of $1, making the total $10. These two young people enjoyed the life in the public dining room, seeing well dressed guests at table, which frequently proves one of the most pleasing sights of their trips. There they had music, lights and flowers galore, which they were at as much liberty to enjoy for their $10 a day as the western couple for their $300 a day.

"True, our state bridal suit is in constant demand, still a honeymoon can be spent in Washington on a wonderfully small amount of money without displaying penurious qualities, a trait of character from which the average American bridegroom is absolutely free."—Washington Post.

Between two evils choose neither. Between two goods choose both.—Edwards.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribnne one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

READING IN BED.

A Custom That Has Been Followed by Many Writers.

Johnson told Boswell once in the course of a conversation, in which he praised the "Anatomy," that a man, if inclined to melancholy, should have a lamp constantly burning in his bedchamber during the night and if wakefully disturbed take a book and read, and compose himself to rest." There can be little doubt that in thus indicating an appropriate course for any one afflicted with "constitutional melancholy"—his own trouble—he was stating his own practice. Many a book the wakeful doctor must have turned over in the silences of the night, and this increases the wonder that a desire to read any particular work should take him out of bed unusually early.

Gray must surely have been a reader in bed. A man who wished to be forever lying on sofas, reading "eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux," must have been familiar with the faces of his favorites in the night hours. Elijah Fenton, a now forgotten contributor of Pope, was accustomed to lie abed at his lodgings, we are told, and be fed with a spoon, but Gray's love of ease was not of this type. Gray was a bookman, and most bookmen probably have indulged in the habit of reading in bed. Lamb apostrophized his folios as "my midnight darlings," but those "huge armfuls," as he calls them, were not bedside books. They were the companions of the long hours of candlelight in the back room of the quiet little "candlelight colored" house beside the Chase at Enfield. Wordsworth, one of the "artificial" dramatists for whom Lamb wrote a quaint defense, made a habit of reading himself to sleep. Nightly he shared his pillow with his favorite authors—Seneca, Montaigne and Rochefoucauld—and in the mornings made a practice of writing on those subjects which had caught his attention during the previous night's reading, with the curious though unnatural result, as Pope has testified, that his writing was unconsciously a mere echo of his reading.

Somewhat later, when Grub street flourished, it so happened that a verb may be affirmed, many a poor wretch of a hack author was glad to write as well as to read in bed for the ultimate eight pence that scanty clothes were lacking for going abroad.—London Globe.

EPIGRAMS OF NOVELISTS.

One stands into friendship, one ocean storms, drifts into quarrelsome, but in love one fails.—Frankfort Moore.

There is no place like the top, especially when it is narrow and will not hold many at a time.—Anthony Hope.

Love and friendship are stronger than charity and politeness, and those who trade upon the latter are rarely accorded the former.—Seton Merriman.

It is the American's regret that at present he can do nothing with his feet while he is listening at the telephone, but doubtless some employment will be found for them in the coming age.—Ian Maclaren.

There are two unpardonable sins in this world, success and failure. Those who succeed can't forgive a fellow for being a failure and those who fail can't forgive him for being a success.—G. H. Jerome.

There are two classes of people in the world, the people who are clever and the people who are keen, and you must never mix the two. They meet and touch, they are necessary to each other, but they never, never blend.—Katherine Cecil Thurston.

Her Coats of Arms.

Concerning a very foolish woman the late Julian Rix, painter and critic, told this story to tell:

"Mr. Rix, I've come to ask you a great favor," she said as she fairly burst into his studio one fall day.

"Everything I have is at your command, madam."

"I want to show you some coats of arms and ask your advice about making a choice."

"Which side of the family do you wish to follow, maternal or"—

"Oh, neither! The herald says I can choose any of these. I want something that will look well on whist counters."

"Yes. Well, what about this?"

"That will do nicely. But don't you think I ought to have more than one? I do fire so quickly of things, you know."—New York Times.

Canals in England.

Canals in England date back to an early period, for the Romans built two in Lincolnshire—the Foss dike, forty miles long and still navigable, and the Caer dike. The first British made canal was constructed in 1134 by Henry I. and joined the Trent to the Witham. It was toward the end of the eighteenth century that the greatest amount of energy was expended in the building of canals, mainly due to the Duke of Bridgewater and the skill of his engineer, James Brindley. In the last decade of that century a canal mania raged.

Rebuking an Emperor.

Once, so the story goes, Emperor Nicholas of Russia asked Liszt to play in his presence. The musician complied, but during the performance the czar started a conversation with an aid-de-camp. Liszt stopped playing at once. The czar asked what was the matter. "When the emperor speaks," said Liszt, "every one must be silent." The czar smilingly took the hint, and the playing proceeded.

Purely Business.

"Are you sure," asked the captain of industry, "that you love my daughter?"

"Come, I say," replied the duke, "you're not going to be sentimental at your time of life, are you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Lieutenant Governor—[illegible]
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Heydenreich.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—[illegible]

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—[illegible] Ward, Port.
Members of Assembly—[illegible]
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. M. McKean, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Mt. Jewett.
Prothonotary—E. Bull, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Closson, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Grafius, Kane; Peterson, Bradford; W. J. Wash, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brouder.
Auditors—Oscar Engelhart, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Councils—Alfred H. Waters, president; [illegible] Van Rayner, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, D. H. Barnard, F. O. Johnson, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Van Dees, N. D. Keane.
Justices—E. L. Kane and R. C. Grafius.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—L. R. Mayo, president; [illegible] Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engelhardt.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—[illegible] Holder.
Auditors—C. M. McCoy, C. C. Chapman.
Judge of Election—[illegible]
Inspector of Election—[illegible] Barnard.
Deputy Marshal—[illegible] Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 408, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. DYER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible] meets Friday evenings at 7:30 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. All work lottery degree; meeting of each quarter at regular business session on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FERGUSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. [illegible], meets the first and third Wednesdays each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. L. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 327, meets the second and third Thursday evenings each month at 2:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
JAMES MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURNINGHAM, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible] meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keyes Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
I. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus Block, at 2:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. MINNIE L. BIGLER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL LGR [illegible], Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
J. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord R. Batterman, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:00 a. m.
Train 120, week days..... 7:42 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:13 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:15 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 p. m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:00 p. m., Washington 8:15 p. m. Vestibuled limited sleeping cars through to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Coaches to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:40 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg

Buffalo, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in effect [illegible]

Trains run by Eastern Time or one hour slower than Central Time.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

a.m.	p.m.	STATIONS	a.m.	p.m.
7:45	1:45	Lv Mt. Jewett Ar	12:10	
8:05	2:05	Ft. Allegany	11:50	
8:20	2:20	Hazel Junction	11:35	
8:30	2:30	Mt. View	11:25	
8:45	2:45	Mt. Jewett	11:10	
8:50	2:50	Kinzua	11:05	
9:00	3:00	Marvindale	10:55	
9:10	3:10	Lewis Run	10:45	
9:20	3:20	Hutchins	10:35	
9:30	3:30	Ar Smethport Lv	10:25	

Connections at Mt. Jewett with Bradford & Kinzua Div. of Pa. R. R. for Kinzua Junction, Bradford and points east and west.

Connections at Hazel Junction with Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg R. R. for Buffalo, Rochester and points west.

Connections at Ft. Allegany with Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg R. R. for Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south.

Connections at Smethport with Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg R. R. for Bradford, Olean, Buffalo, Rochester and points west and east.

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Uncle James' Victory

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

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Uncle James helped himself to another portion of the very appetizing roast chicken before him.

"It's a light meat and agrees with me when properly cooked like this," he observed, with the delightful confidence most people have that their individual tastes are unfailingly interesting to every one, "My present cook understands meats to perfection."

The Boy, generally referred to by the ladies of his acquaintance as "really a lovely fellow," made haste to agree with his uncle's estimate. In reality he could not have told you whether he was eating chicken or ham sandwich, his mind being absorbed by thoughts of momentous importance, all connected with one problem. This problem, no easy one to solve, was how to approach Uncle James in such a way as to incline his heart toward the lady of the Boy's choice.

For the Boy was nearly twenty-four, and in his mature judgment Helen Vanderveer was the perfection of feminine beauty. But Uncle James had a disagreeable way of harping on usefulness and ignoring beauty altogether. Helen belonged to what New York calls her "smart set," and the Boy had his doubts as to Uncle James' opinion of his choice.

"You're not eating," growled his uncle. "You've got something on your mind, or what you call your mind," he added with the charming frankness of near relatives.

"Helen Vanderveer," blurted the Boy, his nervousness in this crisis scattering his diplomacy to the winds.

Uncle James laid down his fork as hastily as though the tender pullet had been a sitting hen.

"Helen Vanderveer!" he shouted. "Are you going to marry into that set of tailored idiots after all I've said to you?"

"If I can get you to avoid," said the Boy [illegible]

"DID YOU RING, SIR?" DEMANDED A SWEET, FAMILIAR VOICE.

penniless, and Miss Vanderveer had been curtly notified by a very determined pair of parents that unless she secured a count at least she need expect no income. Vanderveer pere had waded through much discomfort to attain his present position, and he meant to show the world that he was as good socially as his check was financially.

Thus the outlook for Helen and the Boy was depressing. Uncle James was as determined as the elder Vanderveer.

"My approval!" he cried furiously. "Why, you young jackass! That girl would ruin you in three months! No, sir, you shall be saved from yourself." He leaned back in his chair. "I've chosen a wife for you myself, a woman that will be the making of you, the kind of woman that will help to make my old age a pleasure to both of us."

"You!" gasped the Boy, turning pale. "You've chosen a wife for me! I shan't marry her!"

"Oh, yes, you will," returned Uncle James composedly. "When I adopted you, a helpless orphan, I said to myself, 'I'll see he gets the right wife.' And you shall have her, with my blessing."

The calm of desperation came to the Boy. Rather than give up Helen he would join the "white wings" and earn his bread and hers on the street. Then he shivered to think how Helen would figure in such a programme, his dainty Helen, whom he had always seen in trailing gowns except for a change to her spotless yachting suit.

"May I ask," he said, trying to suppress his rage, "whom you have selected for me?"

"My cook," said Uncle James coolly. "You needn't start up and snort like a wild horse. She is a lady born, but forced to earn her bread by reverses. Instead of pounding on some infernal piano or screeching on the stage or herding half a dozen spoiled youngsters as a governess she had the sense to take up a woman's highest profession, cooking."

"Cooking! You have a fine idea of a woman's ability!" muttered the Boy.

"Certainly I have. The good cook conserves man's intellectual powers, leaving him undistracted by dyspepsia or other nightmares. Since this girl has been with me my brain has been 50 per cent clearer. As to all this rot about woman's companionship, I tell you a well cooked piece of meat or a light loaf of bread is a better stimulant than all the companionships of the best petticoat going. Look at the table, beautifully set! Remember the promptness of our meals for the past fortnight. She's waiting on the table today because the maid is sick. She's never sick."

The Boy rose, choking with rage.

"Understand me, sir," he said as soon as he could speak clearly, "that from now on"—

"Did you ring, sir?" demanded a sweet, familiar voice.

The Boy whirled around to be confronted by a slim, demure vision in cap and apron. The vision ignored him completely, her eyes being fixed respectfully on Uncle James.

"Did you ring, sir?" she repeated. "I was sure I heard the bell."

"No, Mary, I didn't ring," said her employer complacently. "But since you are here you may fill my glass again with water."

Mary complied. The Boy, standing dumbly by his chair, watched her slender, steady fingers as she served his uncle.

When the girl disappeared Uncle James demanded triumphantly:

"Isn't she neat and pretty?"

The Boy attacked his dinner with an appetite which he had failed to show before.

"She's neat enough," he said coolly. "With your permission I'll help her clean up the dishes after dinner and see what I think of her."

A few minutes later Helen Vanderveer and the Boy faced each other in Uncle James' kitchen, with a sink full of dirty dishes between them.

The Boy, coat off and sleeves rolled up, was turning the hot water on with one hand and flourishing a dish mop in the other.

"What in the wide world ever made you think of such a gloriously foxy move as this?" he demanded.

"Why," confessed Miss Vanderveer, laughing and not blushing a little, "I owe it all to a sharp tongued old woman on Hester street. Some of us were down there slumming, and I carried an armful of flowers. I offered her a rose, and what do you think she did with it?"

"Wore it next her heart forever more," said the Boy promptly.

"Not she. She threw it in my face, called me all sorts of names, ridiculed my interest in the unfortunates and told me to go and do something useful. Then she gave me a few pointers on how to keep house and told me to go home and practice. When I knew enough to fill a workman's pail with a decent dinner, then I'd dare to offer flower missions to my fellowmen."

"We got out of there promptly. The others said they were simply paralyzed by her impudence, but her words stuck in my head. I determined to show that old woman something, and I did. Afterward, when I found from you that your uncle was an economical gourmet, I saw reason to bless my secret lessons at the cooking school. I, am supposed," she added, laughing, "to be with the De Peysters in Philadelphia."

The Boy dropped the dish mop and folded her in an ecstatic embrace, from which they were finally aroused by a shrill voice at the pantry door:

"Turn off that water, will you?"

The Boy leaped to the faucet, for the forgotten dishwater in the sink was pouring over the edge, sputtering greasily everywhere. But the gourmet apparently did not mind.

"You seem to have come to a good understanding," he said dryly.

How He Got the Vote.

A story is related of an ambitious gentleman who, rather unwisely, stood as a candidate for some office and who at the close of the poll was found to have received only one vote. The candidate was excessively mortified, and, to increase his chagrin, his neighbors talked as if it were a matter of course that he had given that one vote himself. This annoyed him so much that he offered a two and a half guinea suit of clothes to his only supporter if the individual would come forward and declare himself.

An Irishman responded to his appeal, proved his claim and called for the reward.

"How did it happen," inquired the candidate, taken quite by surprise—"how did it happen that you voted for me?"

The Hibernian hesitated, but on being pressed he answered:

"If Oi tell yez, ye won't go back on the suit o' clothes?"

"Oh, no. I promise that you shall have the suit anyhow."

"Faix, then, yer 'anner," replied Pat, "shure Oi made a mistake in the ballot paper."

Robbers Among the Bees.

To the person who knows nothing about bees they represent the supreme type of industry. But even the bee communities are disturbed by those of their own kind who break through and steal. Robber bees are always a source of anxiety to beekeepers, and during fall and winter the marauders seem particularly active. Having gathered no honey, or, at any rate, an insufficient supply for themselves, they will descend upon a hive, kill its industrious occupants and carry off the golden treasure in an astonishingly short space of time. We know of a recent instance in which the attack was developed and the home bees killed in a couple of hours. Sometimes hive will attack neighboring hive. In such cases the old straw "skip" was better than the modern arrangement, for a knife thrust through the top would break the comb and set the honey free, at which the thieves would instantly return to seal up their own store. It is not primarily in their industry that bees are human.—London Chronicle.

THE WILY RED MAN.

Some Instances of the Indians' Quickness of Wit.

Numerous instances of the red man's quickness of wit are related by those who have had dealings with him. A Canadian chief was looking idly on while some Englishmen were hard at work improving property newly acquired from the dusky tribe.

"Why don't you work?" asked the supervisor of the chief.

"Why you no work yourself?" was the rejoinder.

"I work headwork!" replied the white man, touching his forehead. "But come here and kill this calf for me, and I'll give you a quarter."

The Indian stood still for a moment, apparently deep in thought, and then he went off to kill the calf.

"Why don't you finish your job?" presently asked the supervisor, seeing the man stand with folded arms over the unskinned, undressed carcass.

"You say you give me quarter to kill calf," was the reply. "Calf dead. Me want quarter."

The white man smiled and handed the Indian an extra coin to go on with the work.

"How is it," asked the Englishman one day after a series of such one sided dealings, "that you so often get the better of me?"

"I work headwork," solemnly replied the man of the woods.

A white trader once succeeded in selling a large quantity of gunpowder to one of this tribe on the assurance that it was a new kind that the white man used for seed and if sown in especially prepared loam would yield an amazing crop. Away went the Indian to sow his powder and in his hope of making money from his fellows was careful not to mention his enterprise. When at last however he realized how he had been duped he held his tomahawk for a year or more until the trickster had completely forgotten the occurrence. Then he went to his bowyer's string and bought goods on credit amounting to a little more than the price of the [illegible] and there [illegible] and his [illegible] called [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

The Shaming Of the Shrew

By ANDREW EDWARD LYNCH

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"WELL, Jenny, are you ready yet?" exclaimed Hubert Elwood as he somewhat impatiently paced the floor of the study of Professor Potts in Highplane college, of which institution he (Hubert) was a junior member of the faculty.

"Oh, there's plenty of time. The matinee will not begin for an hour. Think heaven, I'm on the last record of uncle's lecture which he is to deliver tomorrow." And the pretty niece and stenographer of Professor Theophrastus Melanchthon Potts, LL. D., etc., of Highplane college placed the cylinder in the phonograph and began taking down the words which the professor had spoken into it the night before.

Br-r-r-r-r!

"In conclusion, gentlemen, I would call your attention to the fact that Mr. Herbert Spencer makes use of the nebular hypothesis in the formation of our planet, which is to the finally dissipated into the attenuated matter out of which it arose, and Mr. Darwin declares that the noble (?) end to be attained by man, the object of evolution, is the rearing of the greatest number of individuals in full health and vigor and with all their faculties perfect under the conditions to which they are subject. What a lame and impotent conclusion to all the grand aspirations of Milton and Shakespeare, of painter or sculptor, of philosopher or scientist! That end were better attained by the reproductive savage, the swarming yellow mass, the Moslem polygamist or the sturdy Mormon. And then when we have attained this grand anticlimax we will be dissipated into attenuated matter, and the same fool process will begin over again.

"And do the fittest survive? The dinornis——

(Here a female voice broke in: "My dear, are you still at that stupid lecture?" "I'll be through in a minute, my love.")

—is gone, and the emu remains; the mastodon, thirty feet high, is represented by an eight to an eleven foot elephant and the ichthyosaurus by the wretched little horned toad; the pterodactyl, that bird with its fine set of teeth, has degenerated into the hen, whose lack of teeth has become proverbial, triturating its food in a cropful of gravel; the savage"—

("Hens, teeth and savages! Do you know, Theophrastus, that it is more than half past 11 o'clock? I have no patience with you—your children neglected, the kitchen chimney smoking. Thucydides Erasmus Potts, your own son, comes in with his clothes torn and his nose bleeding, all on account of that impudent little Johnson boy, and you won't take his part, and"—"My dear Matilda, I have only a few more paragraphs to speak and my lecture will be finished.")

—"whose eyes and ears can be utilized at immense distances, has been displaced by creatures like myself and other scientific gentlemen who cannot without glasses see beyond their noses. We"—

("That's the first true word you've said for a long time. You can't see beyond your nose. You can't see that a new carpet is needed in the dining room and that my best hat is simply a fright; that Emmeline Augusta is barefooted and that her dresses are growing so short that they would disgrace a ballet dancer. I tell you what right now—I won't stand it any longer! There! I had to entertain those stupid Croakers all the evening, and now you won't throw a word to me. By the way, Mrs. Croaker said that Mr. and Mrs. Allingham have separated and there was going to be a divorce. They do say that Mrs. Allingham is no better than she should be." "Now, Matilda, dear, you must not be so uncharitable.—Mrs. Allingham is a most excellent woman. Do, now, let me be for five minutes.")

—"have ceased to believe in anything we cannot see."

("No. You don't believe anything when Mrs. Allingham pretends to be intellectual and throws up her big eyes at you, and all the time she doesn't understand a word you say." "My love, do be charitable, and do be still for a few moments.")

"When our eyes have followed our teeth and our hair we will be full fledged materialists and believe in nothing except what we can feel. When sensation is lost our next step will be dissipation"——

("So you threaten dissipation, do you? I'm beginning to believe that there is something more than friendly relations between you and Mrs. Allingham! And now you threaten to come home drunk!" "My dearest, I said nothing about drunkenness. I spoke of the dissipation of this mundane"— "Why, I believe you're half drunk now. There's something wrong about this. I won't stand

"JENNY, DO YOU THINK I AM AT ALL TO BLAME?"

it! I won't, I won't! I won't!" "Calm yourself, my love"— "I'm not your love." You've disgraced me." Sob—sob—sob. "I'll get a divorce—Your children are shamed forever." "Good heavens, madam, you will drive me to sin! Can't you keep still five minutes till I finish my work and then I'll come to bed with"— "No, sir! No, sir! You and I are parted forever"— "Well, dang it all, I'll get a divorce or anything to please you; only let me"—)

"The blastoderm"——

("What! Cursing your wife, are you?" "A blastoderm is not a curse. It is the outer"— "No, sir! No, sir! If you dare say one word more into that miserable instrument I'll smash the wretched thing to pieces!")

Bang! Br-r-r-r-r-r!

At first Jenny tried to keep up her stenographic report, but as matters began to get mixed she stayed her pencil and leaned back in her chair a prey to varying feelings. Surprise, sorrow at the quarrel between her uncle and aunt and an urgent desire to burst into laughter at the absurdity of the situation struggled for the mastery. She could picture the gentle professor—mild in all matters except in the enthusiastic opposition with which he confronted the materialistic tendencies of the age—harried to death by his scolding wife as she stood behind his chair unconsciously registering herself in the instrument.

Hubert had stopped his promenade and was now writhing in a rocking chair in incipient convulsions.

"It's a shame to laugh," Jenny said. "Think of poor old uncle going through all of that, and that was only the beginning. But it's time to go to the matinee. I'll put the record away, for an idea has struck me. I'll think it out at the theater, and when we get back we can put our heads together."

"No objection to doing that now." And Hubert did it, receiving in return a slap and being called "an impudent fellow."

* * * * * * * *

The lecture, amended and excised at the latter end, was delivered with great eclat. Professor Theophrastus Melanchthon Potts, having insisted on hearing his record repeated and having directed Jenny to destroy it, which she did not do, was very silent and was evidently weighing something carefully in his mind. Finally he said:

"Jenny, do you think I am at all to blame?"

"Well, yes, uncle, in one way—you are too much absorbed in your studies and forget everything else."

"I thought so; I thought so," he muttered.

It was the beginning of the summer vacation, and Mrs. Potts and the children had already departed for —— Beach, where they were to spend the next six weeks.

A few days later Jenny and Hubert were in the study conspiring. As a result of their conclave Jenny sat down at the typewriter and hammered off the following:

Highplane College.

Mrs. Potts, —— Beach:

Come home next Thursday evening without telling any one. Slip into the house at 9 p. m. and hide in the little anteroom to the professor's study. You will hear something to your advantage. The professor will not be there alone.

(Signed) A FRIEND.

"Well you are a born casuist, Jenny. Will not be there alone. That's good. He won't be there at all. He won't be home from the faculty banquet before 10 p. m."

* * * * * * * *

At 9 p. m. sharp Thursday evening Mrs. Potts turned the latchkey in the hall door of her home. Stealing quietly in and creeping from the hall into the anteroom noiselessly, she put her ear to the keyhole of the study door.

Her bosom heaved with a tumult of emotion. She was torn with rage and jealousy. In the paroxysms of anger to which she had been used to give way and which had begun to become chronic the accusations of unfaithfulness and her own jealousy were simply invented and feigned as a scourge for her husband and as a weapon of offense. But now she felt the pangs of that most frightful of all sufferings, and the tooth of the serpent was deeply buried in her bosom.

A confused murmur was all that was at first audible, but as her breath and pulse, accelerated by the exertion of hurrying from the depot, calmed somewhat she heard these words in the voice of Potts:

"My love"—ha-a-a—"still a moment"—ho-o-a. A woman's voice, between sobs, "You've disgraced me"—ha-a-a, Potts again, "I'll get a divorce or anything you like if you'll only let me"—

She could stand it no longer, but, bouncing into the room, screamed:

"Oh, you faithless, heartless scoundrel! And as for you, you shameless wo"——

She stopped transfixed. There was no one there.

But the phonograph played on.

Br-r-r-r-r!

Two pairs of eyes peeping through the door of the conservatory marked her stupid for a moment stunned, then sunk into a chair and listen open mouthed to the phonograph as it completed its record, then arose slowly, adjust the machine again, wind and start it, then listen attentively to the strange medley it produced, paling and reddening by turns and ending her performance in a storm of tears and sobs.

After a time she calmed, rose, wiped her eyes, adjusted her hair and, taking up a newspaper, sat down to wait. The first thing that struck her eye was the announcement in flaring headlines:

Lecture by Professor Theophrastus Melanchthon Potts, LL. D., on the Falsity of the Conclusions of the Evolutionist.

She read with interest the excerpts of the lecture and what, in the argot of the newspapers, he said in part, meaning, of course, part of what he said, and for the first time in her life felt pride in her husband's learning and remorse for her want of appreciation of him.

As she sat there reading the concluding lines the door opened and Professor Potts stood, astonished, on the threshold. A moment and then he stepped forward briskly, greeting her with a smile and a kiss.

"Why, what a delightful surprise! But you must be hungry. Let me order you some supper."

Mrs. Potts, wondering at the cordiality of the professor, replied:

"Wait a moment, dear. Before we do anything else I want to ask your pardon for the past and promise"——

"Oh, cut that short, dear. That's just what I was going to do myself, only you forestalled me."

"I've been listening to the phonograph"——

"So've I, and I see we've reached the same conclusion, so enough's said. Give me a kiss."

A smothered "Ha, ha!" from the conservatory brought the professor with a

"OH, YOU FAITHLESS, HEARTLESS SCOUNDREL!"

bound to the door, and his voice halted the culprits before they could escape into the garden. Looking rather shamefaced, Jenny and Hubert came in.

"I suppose we've got to thank you rascals for this. Let's burn the record and go to supper."

"No, no," said Mrs. Potts. "I'll lock it up for use in case we have a relapse."

* * * * * * *

As a wedding present a few months later Jenny received a phonograph with the following prescription:

℞ One Phonograph.
M. et Sig.

To be used as directed (unless the experience of others before marriage should render it unnecessary).

Delays Are Dangerous.

Lover—And so your mother does not believe in long engagements? I am delighted.

Miss De Broker—Yes; mamma says ever so many girls' fathers have failed during long engagements, and the poor things never got married at all.—New York Weekly.

Honesty In Others.

"'Honesty is the best policy,'" quoted the hypocritical deacon, "and I wish I could make everybody realize it."

"I reckon ye do," replied the hard headed farmer. "Ye'd git the best of everybody in a horse trade then, wouldn't ye?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Floorwalker.

One of the greatest surprises for a countryman on his first visit to a big city is to learn that the floorwalker does not own the store.—Danville (Ill.) Commercial News.

In Australia, with the exception of the dingo, or wild dog, there is no beast of prey.

CAUSES OF COLDS.

One of the Most Common of Them Is Eating Too Much.

The invariable cause of colds comes from within, not without. No one takes cold when in a vigorous state of health, with pure blood coursing through the body, and there is no good reason why any one in ordinary health should have a cold. It may come from insufficient exercise, breathing of foul air, want of wholesome food, excess of food, lack of bathing, etc., but always from some violation of the plain laws of health.

There can be no more prolific cause of colds than highly seasoned foods as well as frequent eating. These give no time for the digestive organs to rest and incite an increased flow of the digestive secretions. Thus larger quantities of nourishment are absorbed than can be properly utilized, and the result is an obstruction, commonly called a "cold," which is simply an effort of the system to expel the useless material. Properly speaking, it is self poisoning, due to an incapability of the organism to regulate and compensate for the disturbance.

A deficient supply of pure air to the lungs is not only a strong predisposing cause of colds, but a prolific source of much graver conditions. Pure air and exercise are necessary to prepare the system for the assimilation of nutriment, for without them there can be no vigorous health. The oxygen of the air we breathe regulates the appetite as well as the nutriment that is built up in the systems.

The surest and best way to avoid colds is to sleep in a room with the windows wide open and to remain out of doors every day, no matter what may be the weather, for at least two hours, preferably with some kind of exercise, if no more than walking. One should not sit down to rest while the feet are wet or the clothing damp. A person may go with the clothing wet through to the skin all day if he but keeps moving. Exercise keeps up the circulation and prevents taking cold.

The [illegible] care of colds is the prevention [illegible] currence. The person [illegible] around an overgarment [illegible] of the skin, system and [illegible] purifies the entire [illegible] ordinary cleanliness, thus placing [illegible] in a positive condition [illegible] colds. A starving man cannot take cold.

A careful diet would exclude the use of all narcotics and all food that is not thoroughly assimilated. An overfed person is worse off than one who is underfed, because the overfed body is taxed to dispose of what cannot be appropriated and, when not promptly disposed of, remains only to be an element of danger.—Science of Health.

While the Orchestra Plays.

"I do wish the woman back of me would stop kicking my chair," sighed a woman at the theater the other evening. "Ever since the overture began she has been keeping time with her feet, and besides all that she is fanning the back of my neck and trying to hum a tune, she doesn't know. Isn't it strange how some people act when there's any music about? Now, just look at that little woman in the second row tapping all five fingers of one hand against her forehead. She's unconscious of it too. And there's another woman over there in the box who seems to think she is leading the orchestra with her fan. The men are just as bad too. Just look around and see the number of them who are keeping time with their heads, their hands or their feet. Then there is always some creature who makes a nuisance of himself by whistling through his teeth all the time the orchestra is playing. Even you, my dear"—this to her husband—"are keeping strict time with your programme while I'm lecturing about other people's misconduct."—New York Times.

Poisonous and Harmless Snakes.

There is a certain physiological difference between the poisonous and harmless snakes which exists very plainly in their manner of dentition. All snakes are objects of aversion and dread to mankind, so much so that to be bitten by a snake has at times been so fearful to the victim as to have produced death although the snake was harmless. Such is the instinctive dread with which these reptiles are thought of that it may be desirable to have some easy mode of distinguishing the one kind from the other. This distinguishing characteristic is afforded by the teeth. In all poisonous snakes there are only two rows of teeth, the fang or fangs being arranged either within the two rows or outside of them. The harmless snakes have four distinct rows of teeth, and when the bite shows this kind of wound and not any single deeper or larger puncture there need be no apprehension.

Walking For Malaria.

Obstinate cases of malaria that have withstood the ocean voyages, mountain heights and quinine dosing are said to have been conquered by systematic and continued walking. What the malarial patient wants most to do is to sit indoors, nurse his aches and pains or to lie down and doze. Advocates of the walking cure maintain that fresh air is an antidote not only to the malaria itself, but to the blues, which usually accompanies it. That advice to the sufferer is to dress up warmly if the weather is damp or rainy and go out to walk. Wear flannel next to the skin, stout shoes and simple hat. If it is warm, dress lightly, but carry a wrap to throw around the shoulders against drafts and too rapid cooling off. When one comes to think of it, there are few maladies on earth that fresh air and moderate exercise are not good for.

Malicious.

"What made her faint?" asked the sympathetic old lady.

"Madam," replied the sour faced misogynist, "there was a good looking young man standing right behind her."—Town and Country.

Not Mourning.

Mrs. Suburbs — There goes Mrs. Toughman. Is she in mourning for her late husband?

Mrs. Knowit—No; only wearing black for him.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Fixing a Clock.

A resident of Florida tells this story of an old negro who came to a watchmaker with the two hands of a clock:

"I want yer to fix up dese han's. Dey ain't kept no correct time for mo' den six munfs."

"Well, where is the clock?" responded the watchmaker.

"Out to my cabin."

"But I must have the clock."

"Didn' I tell yer dar's nuffin de matter wid de clock 'cepting de han's? An' here dey be. You jess want de clock so you kin finker it an' charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's."

And, so saying, he started off to find an honest watchmaker.

Dana's Ten Books.

Charles A. Dana once made a list of ten "indispensible books." They were: The Bible, Shakespeare, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Bancroft's "History of the United States," Irving's "Life of Washington," Franklin's "Autobiography," Channing's "Essay on Napoleon Bonaparte," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and Tarbell's "Early Life of Lincoln."

Lack of Force.

More people fail from lack of force than from lack of education or opportunity, says Success. A man may be well educated or brilliant and yet for lack of force be a complete failure in his vocation. A man or woman may succeed, without education, but not without force, without capital, but not without energy.

No Bother Whatever.

"Do you ever have any trouble with the plants when your wife goes away?" asked the hatchet faced man sadly.

"None whatever," replied the cheerful chap. "They always die within a week after she leaves, and all I have to do is to put them away until she comes back."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Came Out Strong at the End.

Chipper—I was not at all up to the mark last night; tried to say something agreeable, but couldn't—it somehow, so at last I bade them goodby.

Jones—Ah, then you did manage to say something agreeable after all.—Stray Stories.

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